

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR APRIL, 1820.

Art. I. *Nouveaux Principes d'Economie Politique, ou de la Richesse dans ses Rapports avec la Population.* Par J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi. Correspondant de l'Institut de France, &c. 2 Tomes, 8vo. pp. viii. 880. Paris, 1819.

FEW subjects are of less seductive interest to general readers, than those which relate to political economy. Every Englishman prides himself, indeed, upon being a politician; and those were good old times when

‘ — Village statesmen talked with looks profound,
While news much older than their ale went round.’

But although politics, the dirty politics of the day, are the general theme, there is a prevailing disinclination, even among well informed persons, to enter upon the bewildering complexities of political science. An individual unaccustomed to such investigations, finds, on taking up a work of the kind, that he has a language to learn; that what are assumed by the Writer as fundamental principles, both obvious and certain, bear so little relation to his previous knowledge, that the very terms are to him enigmatical. Startled at the sweeping conclusions which he finds too often rashly deduced from those principles, and perplexed by the contradictory assertions of theoretical controvertists, he is led to regard the science itself as involved in inextricable embarrassment.

But the misfortune is, that where principles are not understood, opinions are held notwithstanding, and held with the greater tenacity, because they are mere opinions. When persons feel themselves to be in the dark, they naturally hold the faster by what they trust to for guidance. The understanding calmly reposes on what it knows, because it feels secure of its possession; but half-thinkers and half-believers, men of opinions, be the subject what it may, whether it relate to taste, religion, or politics, uniformly betray the superficial nature of their knowledge, by their pertinacity and intolerance.

Political science embraces questions upon which men in gene-
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ral cannot fail to entertain opinions. The terms in current use among all classes of men of business, at once express and perpetuate opinions,—opinions unconsciously and involuntarily held, yet, continually acted upon, by numbers who either affect to condemn, or at least neglect to examine, the reasonings of political writers. These terms are often themselves remains of former exploded theories, which thus continue imperceptibly to maintain their ascendancy over men's ideas, long after they have been formally abandoned. And it is not till science has become so generally diffused as to bring new terms, the symbols of more correct ideas, into familiar use, that the abstract truths which constitute its principles, stand any chance of obtaining due attention in their practical application. There are terms now in current use among the lower classes, which were once mystic signs, even to the well educated, of ideas so foreign from their knowledge as to require considerable circumlocution to render them intelligible. An abstract term, when it bears a perceived relation to our previously acquired information, is not more hard to be understood, than the simplest appellative. Yet, it is the abstract nature of the terms employed in the discussions we are referring to, which is the chief source of the perplexity and difficulty most persons experience in first entering upon the subject. As the science shall be developed, and, according to the natural progress of knowledge, its terms find their way into the conventional medium, much of its apparent abstruseness will vanish; nor is it chimerical to anticipate that at no very distant period, the science of political economy, composed as it is, for the most part, of facts cognizable by men of the average understanding, will come to be as generally apprehended among persons of ordinary intelligence, as any of the physical sciences. Let it not be imagined that it is of a nature too abstract or too complicated, ever to become thus transfused into the general circulating mass of national intelligence. The abstract nature of an inquiry, presents an obstacle to the *discovery* of truth, but does not hinder what has once been clearly ascertained, from being generally made known. On all subjects on which men are capable of forming opinions, they are, assuredly, capable of genuine knowledge. Crude opinions on all the leading topics of political science, have long been exerting a pernicious influence on the minds of practical men. A writer, therefore, cannot do his generation a more important service, than by contributing to displace those prejudices with what, from their obvious truth and clearness, may deserve the name of science,—facts separated from the theories in which they have been enveloped, principles relieved from the responsibility of the conclusions erroneously charged upon them, and deductions shewn to be in accordance with the *whole* of our experience.

We know of no contemporary writer more eminently qualified than M. Sismondi, to achieve this service to society; no individual more capable of doing for political science, what Dugald Stewart has done for intellectual philosophy, by exhibiting in the shape of elementary principles, the analysis of all that has been discovered by preceding writers, together with the results of his own inquiries, so as to present at one view the actual state of our knowledge; at the same time throwing over the cold abstractions of science the glow of unaffected feeling, and communicating to the driest reasonings the eloquence of taste. Equally conversant with science and with literature, at once the statist and the historian, the philosopher and the philanthropist, M. Sismondi unites in himself intellectual qualities very rarely found in combination. To the credit of being decidedly one of the most elegant writers, he adds the higher claim of being one of the soundest thinkers of the age. And the whole force of his mind has been turned upon the subject of these inquiries. Fifteen years ago, he published his work *Sur la Richesse Commerciale*; and since then he has never ceased to bestow his attention upon the facts connected with the science. The result has been, the conviction that some of the propositions which he had in that work too implicitly adopted from preceding writers, are at variance with facts; and with the candour characteristic of a genuine lover of science, he now comes forward to expose the errors into which, in common with all the disciples of Adam Smith, he had fallen, and to present the system which is mainly founded upon the great work of that eminent writer, with those important modifications to which his subsequent studies have conducted him.

The present work originated in an application to the Author, on the part of the Editors of the Edinburgh Encyclopedia, to furnish the article *Political Economy*. This request he readily complied with, imagining that he had nothing more to do than to furnish an exposition of principles universally admitted, and to indicate the point at which had arrived a theory which he considered as at a stand.

‘In fact, I was persuaded that nothing remained to be done in political economy, but to circulate both among rulers and the mass of the people, doctrines respecting which there appeared to be among theoretical writers a universal accordance. I had done no more than this in the various works which I had at different times published upon the science at large, or upon several of its branches. I sometimes flattered myself that I had thrown greater light upon the system of Adam Smith, but without adding any thing to his ideas; and it did not appear to me that contemporary writers had been bolder than myself, or, at least, that their boldness had been more successful.’

In drawing up that article, he was first led, by the indepen-

dent exercise of his own faculties, to results which struck him as of the nature of important discovery. The plan he adopted, for the sake of greater clearness as well as compression, was, instead of copying the reasonings of preceding writers, to go back to the first principles of the science, and to follow out for himself what seemed to be the just deductions from those principles; in short, to recommence the theory, as if nothing had been antecedently established. In treating of a subject which had so long employed his studious attention, he had no occasion to recur to any author. 'I went forward by myself,' he tells us, 'scarcely distinguishing what my memory supplied, from 'the result of original reasoning.' In this manner, he effectually disengaged himself from the shackles of the authority of system; and by this means he unexpectedly arrived at conclusions which seemed at once to solve all his difficulties, and to clear up the obscurity which hung over some part of the theory. He contented himself, however, with slightly indicating these new views in the article referred to, being of opinion that an Encyclopedia ought to be the depository of such facts and principles only as are universally admitted; that a work of that kind is 'a monument reared to science in its actual state, not a 'scaffolding for carrying it forward,' and that therefore all controverted points, as well as every thing of temporary interest, ought to be excluded. His views in undertaking the present more extended treatise*, in which he has attempted to develop and to establish the positions hazarded, not without some timidity, in that article, are thus forcibly stated.

'I was painfully affected by the commercial crisis under which Europe has for some years past been suffering, the cruel hardships of the manufacturing class of labourers, of which I had myself been an eye-witness in Italy, in Switzerland, and in France, and which all accounts represented to have existed in at least an equal degree, in England, in Germany, and in Belgium. I felt convinced that the governments of those countries, that the people themselves, were following a wrong course, and that they were but aggravating the distress they sought to remedy. I had observed with emotions not less painful, the combined efforts of landed proprietors, of legislators, and of political writers, to change those systems of cultivation which distribute the most happiness among the population of a country, and to sacrifice the comforts of the peasantry to the hope of obtaining a larger net produce. Rulers, as well as writers, seemed to me to have mistaken the proper subject of inquiry, some in seeking after the best means of augmenting national wealth, others, in studying the best means of increasing the population; whereas both of these, considered in themselves, are mere abstractions, and the true problem for the statesman to solve, is, what precise combination and relative proportion of population and wealth, shall guarantee the greatest sum

* The article written for the *Edinburgh Encyclopedia*, forms about a third of the present work.

of happiness to the human race within a given circumference. There appeared to me to be on all sides, men of worth who were doing mischief, patriots who were ruining their country, philanthropists who were but multiplying the number of paupers. I shall, perhaps, be charged with presumption in attacking the opinions of men whose understandings I honour as highly as I do their characters; but when the science of national prosperity is in question, an honest man ought not to suffer himself to be deterred from his duty, by any personal considerations.'

We will not longer detain our readers from the work itself, except to remark upon the auspicious circumstance of having a subject which has almost uniformly been treated of as a matter of dry calculation, with a studious exclusion of all considerations drawn from feeling, as foreign from such high investigations, rescued from the school of those heartless theorists, and its true character vindicated, as the science which has for its peculiar province, 'to watch over the happiness of mankind.' It will require all the reputation of M. Sismondi, to shield him from the contempt with which his assertion is likely to meet in many quarters, that 'in general, Adam Smith had too much accustoming himself to regard the science as exclusively subjected to calculation, whereas, in many respects, it comes within the sphere of sensibility and imagination, which are not subject to the laws of arithmetic.' Sensibility would, we readily admit, be a very sorry substitute for science as a guide in our inquiries; but there is always reason to suspect the justness of conclusions which are opposed to any part of our experience, and which require not a mere abstraction of thought, but an abstraction of feeling; which, in fact, render it necessary that, in order to be initiated into the knowledge of philosophy, we should be divested of a part of our moral nature, our sensibilities as men. The promise of having the knowledge of gods, would not be a sufficient temptation to partake of the discoveries of science, were this baleful influence upon the character the necessary result of that knowledge. But M. Sismondi has satisfactorily shewn, that true philosophy will always be found in unison with benevolence.

The work is divided into seven books. Of these, the first is introductory, and treats of the objects and the origin of the science. M. Sismondi lays it down as his cardinal proposition, that the science of legislation has for its twofold design, to augment the degree of happiness attainable by man in a state of society, and to make the greatest possible number of individuals participate in this happiness. A passion for equality, on the one hand, and an aristocratical preference of the interests of the few to those of the many, on the other, are, he contends, equally subversive of the true welfare of society.

* But nothing is more common than to lose sight of either one side

or the other of this twofold design. Some persons, passionate lovers of equality, revolt at every species of distinction : in estimating the prosperity of a nation, they compare the totality of its wealth, its rights, and its intelligence, with the quota enjoyed by each individual ; and from the disparity which they find existing between the powerful and the defenceless, the opulent and the poor, the gentleman and the labourer, the man of letters and the clown, they draw the conclusion, that the privations of the latter are monstrous defects in the order of society. Others, fixing their attention too abstractedly upon the object of all human exertions, when they find a security provided for separate rights, and means of resistance, as in the republics of antiquity, call this order of things liberty, even although it is founded upon the slavery of the lower classes. When they find acuteness of faculty, depth of thought, a spirit of philosophical inquiry, a splendid literature, existing among the distinguished men of a nation, as in France before the Revolution, they recognise in this form of social order, a high degree of civilization, while, at the very time, four fifths of the population are unable to read, and all the provinces are immersed in the profoundest ignorance. When they find an immense accumulation of wealth, agriculture brought to its perfection, commercial prosperity, manufactures incessantly multiplying all the productions of human industry, and a government with treasures almost inexhaustible at its disposal, as is the case in England, they term the nation which possesses all these things, opulent, without stopping to examine whether all those whose daily labour originates this wealth, are not reduced to the most necessitous condition, and whether three fifths of the nation which is styled wealthy, are not exposed to more privations than an equal number of individuals in the nation which is termed poor !

‘ It is not in an absolute sense that wealth and population are the signs of national prosperity, but only in their reciprocal relation to each other. Wealth is a good when it distributes enjoyment among all the classes of the community : population is an advantage when every man is certain of procuring by his labour an honest livelihood. But a country may be miserable notwithstanding that some individuals in it may acquire colossal fortunes ; and if its population, like that of China, always exceeds the means of subsistence, if it is constantly exposed to the danger of famine, this numerous population, far from being an object of envy, or a source of strength, is a calamity.’

After this enunciation of his general views as to the true design of legislative science, M. Sismondi takes a rapid review of the history of political economy, beginning with the first rude notions of finance entertained by those who regarded the national revenue as a fact of which they were to avail themselves, without concern about the nature or the causes of wealth. From the science of finance, when the exhausted state of the countries over which ambition had been dominating with mad rapacity, imposed on the minister the necessity of studying the sources and nature of revenue, arose that of political economy. To Sully

and Colbert he awards the praise of having been the first to obtain an insight into the true sources of national prosperity, and to turn their attention to the means of promoting its extension. With Colbert originated the mercantile system, which is thus analysed.

'The mercantile system must needs have some plausibility, since, even down to the present day, it has had for its advocates the greater number of men of business, both in finance and in commerce. Wealth, say these economists of the old school, consists in money. Money disposes of labour as well as of the fruits of labour; it is money which, by offering a price, causes their production; it is money by which the industry of a nation is sustained, and to which every individual owes his subsistence. Money is especially necessary in the relations which states bear to each other; money constitutes the strength of armies, and secures the success of war: the nation which has money, commands the nation which has none. The whole science of political economy, therefore, ought to be directed to the means of securing to the nation plenty of money. But the money which a country possesses, can be augmented in quantity only so far as it can either be dug out of the earth, or imported from abroad. Either, then, the nation must have recourse to working its mines, if there are any, or it must endeavour to obtain by foreign commerce, that which other nations have extracted from their own. In order to grow rich, in order to increase the quantity of its specie, it must therefore regulate its foreign commerce, so as to sell much to other nations, and to buy little in return. To be quite consistent, the advocates of this system should say, that it would be desirable always to sell and never to buy; but as they well know that such a prohibition to buy, would destroy all commerce, the authors of this theory have contented themselves with insisting that a nation should make no other exchanges than such as, in their final result, would supply a payment in money; for, say they, in the same way as every merchant, in doing business with his correspondent, sees, at the end of the year, whether he has sold to him more than he has purchased, and finds himself creditor or debtor by a certain balance which is paid in money; so, one nation, in casting up all its purchases and all its sales with another nation, or with every other, finds itself, at the year's end, creditor or debtor by a commercial balance which is to be paid in money. If the nation has to pay, it must continually grow poorer; if it has to receive, it must be growing rich.'

M. Sismondi notices the practical consequences of this now exploded theory, in the impolitic restrictions to which it gave rise; and he remarks, that though the mercantile system is no longer openly espoused by any writer of respectability, it has taken deep root in the minds of all those who have any concern in the affairs of government. It still operates, by the force of prejudice, and owing to the confusion of language, upon persons who are afraid of entangling themselves in abstract theories. The greater part of the still existing restrictions upon com-

merce, are but the applications of this system, and the balance of trade exists only in their imaginations who adopt it.*

The second system, or that of the French economists, is next briefly analysed. Quesnay published his *Tableau Economique*, in 1758. It was espoused and commented on by Mirabeau and by the Abbé de Rivière, was further developed by Dupont de Nemours, analysed by Turgot, and zealously adopted by a numerous sect of partisans, both in France and in Italy. This school has furnished more writings on the subject of political economy than any other. Their tenets are the very reverse of Colbertism. Money, according to Quesnay, is but the medium of exchange. Wealth has its source only in the soil, in the beneficence of nature. He ridiculed the figment of a balance of trade, denied that either the manufacturer or the merchant has the power of originating any portion of the national riches, viewing all the transactions of commerce as nothing more than a transmission from hand to hand, of what had been produced by other means; deprecated the interference of governments, and took for his favourite maxim, *Laissez faire et laissez passer*.

The system of Adam Smith introduced a new era in the science. He first, instead of setting about inventing *a priori* a theory, as his predecessors had done, to which he might accommodate facts, had the sagacity to perceive that the science of government rests upon experience.

* Rejecting both the exclusive systems, one of which made commerce, and the other, agriculture, the only source of wealth, Adam Smith sought for its origin in labour. All labour which leaves behind it an exchangeable value, appeared to him productive, whether it belongs to the country, or to the city, whether it creates the exchangeable material which is destined to become a portion of wealth, or enhances the value of what previously existed. But as labour appeared to him to be the only creative principle of wealth, so, economy he viewed as the sole means of accumulating it in the shape of capital.

To develop and to perfect this system, is the avowed object of the present work. For the author of the "Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations," M. Sismondi expresses the highest veneration, as the writer whose genius first struck out the true path of inquiry, and to whom is attributable the credit of whatever progress has since been made, by the light of his ideas, in the discovery of the science. Nevertheless, the practical results of the doctrines adopted from that

* As pamphlets are more easily read than books, we may refer our readers to Mr. Huskisson's pamphlet on the currency, for an able refutation of this commercial chimera, the balance of trade.

work, M. Sismondi regards as often diametrically opposed to the conclusions which its Author himself drew from them.

‘ We maintain, with Adam Smith, that labour is the sole origin of wealth, that economy is the sole means of accumulating it, but we add, that enjoyment is the sole object of this accumulation, and that no increase of national wealth takes place except when there is also an increase of national enjoyment.

‘ Adam Smith, confining his attention to wealth itself, and perceiving that all who are in possession of it, have an interest in augmenting it, concluded that this augmentation could never be promoted more effectually than by abandoning society to the free exercise of individual interests. He held this language to Government : The sum total of private property constitutes the national wealth ; there is no individual possessed of riches, who does not exert himself to become richer ; let him alone, and he will enrich the nation in enriching himself.

‘ We have accustomed ourselves to consider wealth rather in its bearings upon the population to which it ought to administer subsistence or the means of enjoyment. A nation, it has seemed to us, does not grow in opulence by the mere augmentation of its capital, but only when its capital, in proportion to its increase, distributes more enjoyment among the population which it ought to maintain ; for, undoubtedly, a population of twenty millions is poorer with a revenue of six hundred millions, than one of ten millions, with four hundred millions. We have seen that the rich have it in their power to augment their wealth, either by a fresh production, or by appropriating a larger share of what had before been reserved as the wages of labour ; and we regard it, therefore, as being almost constantly necessary to call in, for the purpose of watching over the progress of riches, that very interference on the part of the State, which Adam Smith deprecated. We regard Government as the natural protector of the weak against the strong, as the defender of the defenceless, and the representative of the permanent but tranquil interests of all, against the temporary but impatient interests of each. Experience appears to us to justify this new view of an old system. Although the authority of Adam Smith is far from being as yet universally admitted in all the departments of legislative economy, the fundamental dogma of a free and universal competition has made great progress in all civilized communities. From this, has resulted a prodigious development of the energies of industry, but frequently this has been attended by a dreadful pressure of suffering upon several classes of the population. Experience has made us sensible of the necessity of that guardian authority which we call for, in order to prevent the sacrifice of large portions of the community to the progressive increase of a wealth from which they derive no advantage. This intervention is always necessary, in order to correct the selfish calculation of an increase of product, by the only truly national calculation of an increase of the enjoyments and comforts of the whole population.’

These general views, which comprise the main difference between the disciple and his master, are, in the subsequent portions

of the work, more distinctly explained, and shewn to have a more solid basis than mere sentiment: their theoretical accuracy is proved to be equal to their practical importance. It is a charge which M. Sismondi brings against the modern followers of Adam Smith, that they have widely departed from his mode of conducting such investigations; that they have abandoned experience for speculation, and have soared in their abstractions far out of the sphere of practical matters of fact. The 'ingenious work' of Mr. Ricardo, (which, it seems, has found a translator and an able commentator in M. Say,) and M. Hauterive's *Elemens d'Economie politique*, are noticed as striking examples of the new direction which has been taken by recent writers on political economy. M. Sismondi's object throughout, is, to examine the principles of the science by the light of experience, in their practical bearings, not merely upon the wealth, but upon the happiness of nations. He arranges his system under six general heads, each of which forms the subject of a separate book: 1. Formation and Progress of wealth. 2. Territorial wealth. 3. Commercial wealth. 4. Money. 5. Taxation. 6. Population.

In proceeding to give an account of the manner in which wealth originates, M. Sismondi first puts the case of an isolated individual, whose wealth must be entirely the product of his own industry, and must terminate in his own use. Whatever production of human labour is either directly or indirectly conducive to the enjoyment of man, provided that it be capable of accumulation, or of being reserved for his future wants, constitutes wealth. Labour is in all cases the creative principle, as utility enters into the essential nature of wealth. In the case of the supposed solitary, the price which the products of his industry would fetch, cannot be regarded as the measure of his riches, since, by the supposition, all exchange is to him impossible; but his wealth is to be estimated by the extent and variety of wants which he has the means of satisfying, or, by the term during which he would be able to maintain himself upon the produce of his previous labour, without having recourse to any fresh exertion.

The only difference between the isolated man and man in a social state, in the present reference, is this, that the labour of the individual in the latter case, has no longer for its simple object, to provide subsistence and accommodation for himself only: he labours that others may enjoy or rest, and he reckons upon the labour of others to furnish his own enjoyments. The nature of wealth remains, however, the same under all the exchanges which take place throughout society, whether of the different products of labour, or of labour itself for produce. The *value*, too, of what is produced, depends upon the same conditions, that it is adapted to supply some want, real or artificial, and that it is

capable of being reserved for this purpose. The price of what is produced, or its relative value as exchangeable produce, is determined by the quantity of labour requisite in order to its production. This is the basis of all bargains between the purchaser and the vender; the cost of an article always representing in fact the amount of labour expended upon it. Wealth, then, consists of that surplus portion of the produce of labour which is available for future use. Whatever facilitates the process of production by increasing the efficiency of labour, as, for instance, the division of labour, and machinery, has the effect of rendering a larger proportion of the produce thus available, of increasing that excess of production beyond consumption, which constitutes wealth.

In a state of uncivilized nature, daily labour is found to do little more than keep pace with the daily wants of man; but, in the progress of civilization, the efficiency of labour soon outgrows the demand, so far as regards the bare necessities of life. Labour, however, has the power of creating a demand for itself, by presenting new enjoyments, which are the sources of new and artificial wants. Thus luxury is originated; and so long as there remains a conceivable means of enjoyment which human ingenuity can supply, there might seem to be no limit to the formation of wealth by the exertions of laborious industry. But M. Sismondi shews that this notion is an erroneous one. There are limits to the consumption of the fruits of labour. These limits are found in the revenues of the capitalist, and in the incompatibility of luxury with the laborious habits of the artisan.

‘It is a great error,’ says M. S. ‘into which the majority of modern economists have fallen, to represent consumption as a power illimitable, always ready to swallow up an infinite produce. They are perpetually inciting nations to exert the powers of production, to invent new machines, to carry labour to its greatest perfection, in order that the quantity of work executed in one year, shall always surpass that of the year preceding. They are disturbed at seeing the number of unproductive labourers on the increase. The idle are held up to public indignation; and in a nation among whom the productive powers of workmen have been increased a hundred fold, it is held desirable that every man should be a workman, that every individual should labour for his livelihood.

‘Were the whole nation to be converted into labourers, and, as the necessary consequence, were ten times the quantity of food, and lodging, and clothing to be produced than every one could possibly consume, is it imagined that each individual would be better off? Far otherwise. Every hand would have to sell as ten, and to buy only as one; every hand would sell his labour so much the worse, and would find himself so much the less in a condition to buy; and this transformation of the nation into one great manufactory of productive workmen incessantly employed, far from creating wealth, would cause universal misery.’

In this reasoning, foreign commerce is purposely left out of consideration, because what holds true of a nation, holds true of the general market. If it be possible for the supply to exceed the demand in reference to home consumption, it must be possible for the supply to exceed the commercial demand. And as the aggregate of individual incomes, forms the limit of the capacity of consuming the products of industry at home, so, the aggregate of the funds available for the purchase of its exported produce among other nations, must form the limit of the capacity of the foreign market. It is very true, that the demand for the products of human industry is continually extending, as new markets are opened to mercantile enterprise; and capital has, to a certain extent, the power of creating a market for what it has called into production by the employment of labour. The notorious fact, that the foreign market has frequently been overstocked, proves, however, that the power of consumption has its limits. Society at large cannot, any more than an individual can, without entailing ruin upon the community, consume annually more than its annual income. More ruinous systems than one, remarks M. Sismondi, have been founded on the confusion of ideas which has arisen from not sufficiently distinguishing between capital and income. No distinction is more important.

‘There exist in society three permanent sources of wealth: we may without any danger make use of the streams which they originate, so long as we do not touch the spring.

‘The soil is the first of these, which has in itself a productive principle that needs only to be directed to the use of man, in order to yield to the possessor an annual product, over and above the compensation of the labour employed upon it. This product is an income, and may safely be consumed without being reproduced, so long as the soil which has yielded it, is not withdrawn from its destined purpose of supplying the wants of man.

‘The second source of wealth is, labour. When well directed, it yields, after replacing the cost, a surplus in favour of the employer. The cost, or wages of labour, is what is properly denominated the employer’s circulating capital. That which is produced, comprises this same capital, and, added to this, a certain profit. Thus, profit is a revenue which may be expended without reproduction, provided that the capital which has originated it be not diverted from giving employment to the renewed process of labour.

‘The third source of wealth, is, the life of the labouring population. So long as this is preserved, it furnishes the power of labouring; and this power is also a revenue, and may be expended or exchanged for articles of consumption without reproduction, provided that the life itself, and the vigour of the labourer, are so preserved as to be applicable to a renewal of his labour.’

These three species of wealth, are, in so many words, *rent*, the *profit* of capital, and *wages*. The whole of this wealth is

destined for consumption in some way or other, but in the different application of it, the important distinction above referred to, has its origin.

‘ One portion of this wealth, is devoted to the purpose of enhancing the profitableness of labour by making it go further, and to that of bringing the blind powers of nature to co-operate in the performances of human labour: this is termed *fixed capital*, under which are comprised, the clearing of ground, trenching, workman's tools, and all sorts of machinery. A second portion is destined to be rapidly consumed, in order to be reproduced in the work which it shall have caused to be executed, and to undergo incessant changes in its form, through all of which it retains the same value: this is termed *circulating capital*, and comprises the seed-corn of agricultural produce, the raw material of the manufacturer, and the wages of labour. Ultimately, a third modification of this wealth, detaches itself from the second portion; it consists in the surplus value by which the finished product exceeds the previous advances which were necessary to create it; and this surplus, which is termed the *revenue* of capital, (or income) is destined to be consumed without being reproduced: it is exchanged, for the last time before its final consumption, for whatever article the possessor may want for his own use. The sum total of the articles which every one requires for the supply of his wants, articles not possessing the property of any further reproduction to him, and which the individual purchases with his income, is denominated the *fund of consumption*.’

That which forms the revenue of the poor, is the capital of the rich. The only capital of the poor is, their life; for that portion of the capital of their employer which is advanced to them as the wages of labour, is seldom sufficient to allow of their retaining any part in the shape of capital for themselves. The effect of competition is always to bring down the price of labour to a bare sufficiency for the labourer's maintenance. Dividing, then, the whole population, for the sake of greater clearness, into two classes, capitalists and labourers, it will be found, that in proportion as the former takes a larger share of the annual produce which forms his income, for his own consumption, he encourages industry by extending the fund of consumption; but this is so much withdrawn from the fund for supporting labour; while that which he spares from his income, and adds to his capital, is so much given to the labourer in the shape of wages or revenue. The aggregate capital of a nation is that which furnishes employment to the labourer; the aggregate of individual incomes, is that which limits the demand for the products of labour. More than this total national income cannot be expended without trenching upon the national capital, without consequently withdrawing so much from the fund for maintaining labour, and lessening the reproduction of the following year. Again: if the expenditure of the nation does not suffice to absorb the whole of the annual

produce of labour, the process of reproduction will be suspended to the extent of what is unconsumed, because the capitalist will not have come into possession of his advances, and his operations will be at a stand. The superabundance of commodities will always in fact, by bringing down the price, hasten the process of consumption; but, as the total produce can but be exchanged against the total revenue, the advantage gained by the consumer at the expense of the producer, will be attended by a correspondent diminution of that capital which is at once the support of the labourer, and the source of future revenue to its possessor. An unproductive employment of capital will be attended by the same injurious results: by diminishing the profits of the capitalist, it reduces the fund which originates the demand for the productions of labour; by locking up his capital, even if it does not lessen it, it suspends the process of reproduction, which necessitates the demand for labour itself.

‘Thus, then,’ continues M. Sismondi, ‘nations run what may seem contradictory risks: they may be ruined by expending either too much or too little. A nation expends too much, whenever it exceeds its income: for it cannot do this without trenching upon its capital, and thereby diminishing its future production. It does then, what the individual cultivator would do, should he eat up the grain which he ought to reserve as seed-corn. A nation expends too little, whenever, not having any foreign commerce, it does not consume its own produce, or when, having such commerce, it does not consume by exportation the excess of production over the home consumption; for it is then in the situation of the individual who should have his granaries so completely crammed beyond the possibility of his consuming what they contain, that, not to labour for the mere sake of labouring, he would be obliged to give over sowing his land.

‘Happily, when a nation is not led away by any false system, when its government does not impel its exertions in a direction opposite to its natural interests, the increase of capital, of revenue, and of consumption, generally takes place simultaneously, so as not to stand in any need of being checked; and when one of these three corresponding elements of wealth for a moment gains the start of the others, foreign commerce is almost always at hand to re-establish the equilibrium.’

In the fourth book, which treats of Commercial Wealth, M. Sismondi has occasion still further to illustrate the importance of the principle which he has been aiming to establish, and the truth of which, recent facts appear so completely to justify, namely, that an excess of production beyond the demand, or beyond the power of consumption, tends to the impoverishment of a nation. Mr. Ricardo has maintained an opposite doctrine, and most of the followers of Adam Smith have been disposed to think, that supply and demand might safely be left to regulate each other, without the fear of any inconvenience as the result. M. Sis-

mondi contends, that commercial wealth is far from being absolutely a sign of national prosperity; that only so long as its increase keeps pace with the wants of society, does it conduce to the well being of all those who are employed in creating it; that so soon as its formation exceeds the real demand, it produces, at least for all the lower classes, nothing but misery and ruin. A superabundance of commercial wealth, by creating an excess of production, leads to the deterioration of the commodity, and to the impoverishment of the trader. The capital of a country may either be too great or too small, to be conducive to the general prosperity.

‘A nation is truly prosperous, in the department of its commerce, as in that of its agriculture, when the circulating capital which it has accumulated, is just sufficient to put in motion all the labour which can be turned to good account; when no improvement or new production of which the actual population stands in need, or which it is in a condition to pay for well, remains unattempted for want of capital sufficient to maintain the labourer up to the time of exchanging the produce of that labour against the funds which are ready to take it off. A capital which corresponds to a revenue already formed, and which is sure of being replaced by that revenue, will never fail to obtain an ample indemnification for the essential service it affords: interest will under these circumstances be high, and the profits of commerce will be considerable; two new portions of revenue will spring from it the following year, and these will maintain in comfort those who shall have the disposal of them, and will contribute, by a rapid consumption, to an abundant reproduction.

‘When the capital of a country has for a length of time been inadequate to its wants, there can scarcely result any degree of suffering from the circumstance, since the population which would have been supported by additional capital, has not been called into being; the only consequence is, a negation of enjoyment in reference to beings non-existent. In the mean time, the insufficient capital which actually exists, affords the greater revenue, facilitates accumulation, as well as stimulates to it by holding out employment for newly formed capital, and encourages marriage by promising beforehand the increase of the funds which are to supply the poor with employment. Such is the situation of things in the United States. The capitals already formed there, though considerable, are still inferior to the wants of the people, and to the demand.

‘But when existing capitals have been destroyed, whether by some great calamity, or by the prodigality of the capitalists themselves, or by that of the government, the inadequate capital which remains, is found to be wholly out of proportion, not merely to the wants and demands of the consumers,—that would entail no very grievous privations,—but to the number of hands which ought to be maintained by it, and who, having been brought up in times of greater plenty, find themselves deprived of the wages of labour which should serve as their revenue; this class is then left exposed to indigence or utter starvation.

'When the capital of a country is, on the contrary, more than adequate to its wants or to the power of consumption, the first distressing result of this superabundance, is, that the possessors of capital, struggling with each other for the employment of it, are, in the end, compelled to be satisfied with a smaller remuneration; the rate of interest is lowered, the income of those who are in possession of this essential part of commercial wealth, is decreased, and their means of enjoyment diminished.

'This is not all. Manufacturers no longer regulating the amount of work which they command, by the actual wants of society which they may be able to supply, but by the capital they have at disposal, manufacture more than can possibly be consumed, and contending with each other for customers, are induced, in order to make sales, to put up with smaller profits. The lowered rate of mercantile profit, has the effect of diminishing the incomes of all who live by trade, and of reducing their means of enjoyment.

'Finally, this redundancy of capital will not only have excited an immoderate activity of competition among principals, but must needs have the same influence upon the working classes. Work has been executed, not because there was any certain prospect of disposing of it, but because their employers had capital sufficient to enable them to make large advances in the payment of labour; and the poor have been encouraged to furnish children, by the offer of a price for labour which cannot long continue to be given. A new population has thus been created by holding out the promise of employment which it will not always be possible to provide. The number of hands soon becomes, under these circumstances, as superabundant as was the capital; a fall in the price of labour is the consequence; and thus, this third class, who also live out of commercial profits, are reduced to narrower incomes, fewer comforts, and diminished means of enjoyment.'

In a former article* on the recent distresses of the country, we had occasion to maintain that a diminution of the national capital, and a consequent suspension of the productive powers of the nation, presented the only adequate cause of that general stagnation which was imputed by all the government writers, to the mere transition from a state of war to a state of peace. The fact, that at that crisis, many capitalists, who had for some time been living upon their capital, suddenly found themselves utterly ruined, was too notorious to be controverted. But still, there were persons who contended that the destruction of capital could not be the occasion of the existing distress, because there was found at that very time among commercial men, a redundancy of capital, which shewed itself by the low rate of interest in the money market. These two circumstances are, however, perfectly compatible. A destruction of the private capital of individuals may take place to a great extent in a country,—to an

* E. R. N.S. Vol. vii. p. 101.

extent sufficient to throw large portions of the labouring classes out of employment, while, at the same time, the national capital may exhibit in some particular branches, the signs of superabundance; and these opposite evils may be both together pressing upon the community. The destruction of individual capital, has no tendency whatever to alleviate the injurious effects of a redundant national capital. The ruin of the capitalist withdraws him indeed from the number of competitors, whose efforts to employ their capital have led to a general decrease of profits, and a consequent diminution of the income available for expenditure; but at the same moment it plunges into sudden destitution all those whose reproductive labour was set in motion by the capital which is annihilated. When the power of supply continues, as it may for some time, to exceed the demand, it is evident, that, in the general derangement of affairs, both causes are simultaneously operating to diminish the future income which is to consume the produce of laborious industry. The supply will eventually fall more nearly to the level of the demand, but, in the interim, a long period of universal suffering must take place. Workmen cannot be transferred from an unproductive branch of labour, to one which still yields a profit to the capitalist; they will rather continue to work at lower wages, and thus enable the proprietor to carry on his operations long after they have ceased to be a benefit to the community. Again, fixed capital cannot be converted to the purposes of a new enterprise on the part of the manufacturer, even if he should be able to change his business: the greater part of this sort of capital, must, in that event, be altogether lost; and he will therefore go on as long as possible in the face of a falling market and diminished profits, in the hope that the accidental causes to which he is led to ascribe the decline of trade, will cease to operate, and that *things* will *take a turn*. So far is it from being true, that the profits of all branches of industry must, under all circumstances, find a level, or that capital will at once detach itself from an unproductive branch, to form some new combination with human labour, that may yield an adequate profit to its possessor.

It is agreed on all hands, that the supply of labour is, in our own country, at this moment, greater than the demand, though every theorist has his own way of stating and accounting for the fact. In reviewing the various publications on the Poor Laws,* we endeavoured to shew, that an imaginary redundancy of the population as measured by *the means of subsistence*, has absolutely nothing to do with the acknowledged evil. Redundant the population may be, but it is so as measured, not by the

* E. R. N. S. Vol. x. p. 203.

means of subsistence, but by the capital which is available for the employment of labour. We say available capital, because there is a large amount of circulating capital, and a still larger amount of fixed capital, which is not at this moment in effective cooperation with labour in order to its own reproduction. The proportion of the population, however, who are *absolutely unemployed*, is not perhaps much greater than it has been at former periods, and if so, as it is capital which employs them, there cannot be on the whole a want of capital in the country. Notwithstanding the extent to which the destruction, first, of revenue, and then, of capital, has been going on, we believe that the contrary is the fact,—that there is a superabundance of capital, more especially of fixed capital in the country, and that the universal diminution of the income arising from capital in the shape of *profits*, is the true cause of the existing pressure. It is not that the poor are unemployed, but that the wages of labour have fallen, with all other profits, below a living price. Trade is at a stand, not for want of capital, but because the productive powers of the country, which have been stimulated to the utmost, are greater than the consumption of both the home and the foreign markets taken together. The cause of this disproportion, as regards the home consumption, is to be found in the sudden collapse of income which has taken place from the falling off in the profits of capital. Every where, this excess of supply beyond the demand, occasioned by the gigantic powers of production which were called into action during the war, is making itself felt, to the disadvantage of the mercantile speculator. The following testimony is borne to the fact by M. Sismondi.

‘ The statements of merchants, the daily papers, the accounts of travellers, all concur in exhibiting proofs of this excess of supply beyond consumption: of this manufacturing rage, which is regulated, not by the demand, but only by the capital which has to be employed; of this restless spirit of commercial speculation, which urges merchants to rush in crowds to any new opening, and exposes them in turn to the most ruinous losses in every enterprise which promised to be lucrative. We have seen merchandise of all sorts, but especially that of England, the great manufacturing power, abounding in every market in Italy in a proportion so greatly above the demand, that traders, in order to recover a part of their funds, have been compelled to part with their goods at a fourth or a third below the cost, instead of obtaining a profit. The torrent of commerce, driven back from Italy, has turned itself upon Germany, upon Russia, upon Brazil, there soon to encounter the same obstacles.

‘ The last accounts announce similar losses in new countries. In August 1818, they were complaining at the Cape of Good Hope, that all the warehouses were crammed with European merchandise, which, though offered at lower prices than in Europe, could not be disposed of. In the month of June, at Calcutta, the merchants

were making complaints of the same nature, It was a strange phenomenon that had at first been exhibited,—England sending her cotton goods to India, and, by working cheaper than the half-clothed inhabitants of Hindoostan, succeeding in reducing her labourers to a still more miserable existence. But this eccentric direction given to commerce, did not last. British goods are now to be had cheaper in India than even in England. In the month of May, they had been obliged to re-export from New Holland, a large quantity of European commodities which had proved too abundant for the demand. Buenos Ayres, New Granada, Chili, are already regorging European merchandise in the same way. Mr. Fearon's *Travels in the United States*, in the spring of 1818, present a still more striking illustration of this state of things. From one end of that vast and flourishing continent, to the other, there was not a city, there was not a little town, in which the quantity of goods on sale was not infinitely greater than the means of the buyers, notwithstanding the tempting offers of very long credit held out by the merchants, and all sorts of facilities for payment both as to time and as to the nature of the articles which they were willing to take in exchange. No fact has presented itself to us in more places at once, or under a greater variety of aspect, than the disproportion which the means of consumption bear to those of production; together with the impossibility of manufacturers renouncing their business because it has fallen off, and the certainty that their ranks will never be cleared except by bankruptcies. How is it that philosophers will not see what is every where so obvious to persons of common understanding?"

Facts must be allowed to take the precedence of theories; and surely these facts sufficiently attest the truth of three negative propositions: first, that annual production is not, as Mr. Ricardo represents, the same thing as annual revenue, for, till it is actually consumed, it is possible that the capital employed in producing it, may yield no revenue in the shape of profit; it is still in a transitive state, and has not yet become wealth: secondly, that the means of consumption are not actually illimitable: and thirdly, that manufactures and commerce, when their productive force so far exceeds the possibility of demand, do not contribute to an increase of the national wealth; for even where the capitalist succeeds, in this state of things, in enriching himself, if it is at the expense of the working classes whose labour is depreciated, it does not enrich the nation. This principle, we think, Mr. Sismondi clearly establishes, and the present situation of England affords but too palpable a verification of his doctrine.

Here we must for the present terminate our analysis of the work. We have already presented our readers with more than sufficient specimens of the just views, and able reasonings, and admirable sentiments by which it is characterised, to answer the purpose of recommending these volumes to the attention of those of our readers who may have it in their power to make them-

selves acquainted with the original. As no English translation of it has yet appeared, there are many, however, who may feel interested in tracing these Principles in their application to the other branches of Political Economy. We shall, therefore, probably resume the subject in the next number.

Art. II. *Sermons practical and occasional ; Dissertations, Translations, including new Versions of Virgil's Bucolica, and of Milton's Defensio Secunda, Seaton Poems, &c. &c.* By the Rev. Francis Wrangham, M.A. F.R.S. Of Trinity College, Cambridge. In three vols. 8vo. [Portrait] £2. 2s. London, 1816.

WE have long been accustomed to connect sentiments of respect and approbation with the name and writings of Mr. Wrangham. His works of different descriptions have often afforded us both gratification and instruction ; and we have had frequent occasion to admire the liberality of his sentiments, the ample furniture of his mind, and the ready and skilful versatility with which he has applied his talents to a great variety of subjects. But we have never regarded him with sincerer admiration than when we have found him, with an exemplary superiority to prejudice and vanity, and with a pure and unmixed anxiety to do good, taking his stand on the foundations laid by Doddridge and Baxter, and addressing their sentiments, and recommending their productions, to those who, but for him, would never have known, or would have known only to despise, the names and compositions of those eminent servants of the Redeemer.

The admirable work on "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," may be considered as the joint production of Watts and Doddridge ; since, though composed by the latter, it was projected, planned, and revised by the former. Few books have been more useful ; and notwithstanding some slight defects, scarcely separable from the plan, there are not many works which we should so cordially recommend for distribution among the youthful and the inquiring. Many a well-conceived work has been marred by falling into hands unequal to its effective execution ; but in the present instance, the task could not have been committed to a more suitable person. Doddridge, in our opinion, was better suited than his venerable friend, to the executive part. His style, though irregular and unfinished, has much occasional richness and beauty : it is less stiff and precise than the usual language of Watts, and its very inequality has possibly contributed to its popularity. Baxter's "Saint's Everlasting Rest," is a work similar in its object, but of larger calibre and weightier metal. It combines strong reasoning with powerful and eloquent appeal ; it grapples fearlessly with diffi-

culties, and launches boldly into the deep things of the gospel. We should augur ill both of the intellect and the heart of the man who could read it without its setting his thoughts and feelings in motion. But with all these excellencies, it has, considered as a popular work, some material faults. The first, is its length—nearly 330 folio pages of double columns. Baxter's mind was of inexhaustible fertility; and when his pen was once in his hand, he seems never to have been able to persuade himself to lay it down. A second fault lies in the apparatus of notes and Latin quotations from the Fathers, the schoolmen, and other writers both of ancient and modern times. A third consists in the occasional use of technical forms of argument, and in the indulgence of a tendency to unseasonable disquisitions and distinctions. Fawcett's excellent abridgement of this admirable but somewhat unwieldy book, is far more generally available than the original.

These invaluable works have been most judiciously selected by Mr. Wrangham as the *substrata* of two sets of sermons, which occupy together nearly the whole of his first volume.

'The scarcity of sermons,' remarks Mr. W. in his preface to his adaptations of Doddridge, 'which, while they *preach the gospel to the poor*, disgust not the fastidious ear of modern elegance by triteness or vulgarity, has long been a subject of regret and complaint. This consideration first suggested to me the idea of the present undertaking. Fame, it is certain, in its popular meaning, could hardly have entered into the views of One who, in these days of literary refinement and of religious indifference, endeavours with DODDRIDGE's subject to unite much of his plainness and familiarity. But there is a fame—the commendation, I mean, of the wise and of the good—which is ever worth ambition; and that (if to that my purpose, rather than its accomplishment, give me any title) will abundantly console me for the absence, or the loss, of all other renown. In soliciting for my contracted work (what the Author entreated for his more extensive performance) that it may be thoroughly perused before it is finally judged, I shall not, I hope, even in this age of superficial reading, be deemed wholly unreasonable. Let it be considered at least, in my excuse, that we are generally but too prone to seize, and to defend, separate portions of our common Christianity; to rend into useless shreds a system which, like the coat of its great Teacher, is *without seam woven from the top throughout*; and to look upon our opponents with an eye of jealousy and suspicion, "as if preparations for securing "one part of a ship in a storm, implied a contrivance to sink the "rest."'

Though there is a richness and fulness in the original, which is necessarily in some degree impaired in the abstract, and though we recognise in Doddridge a fearlessness in his appeals to the freeness and sovereignty of Divine Grace, which is somewhat tamed in these more correct and classical compositions, yet, we

regard this abridged republication as extremely valuable, and as likely by its intrinsic merit, and by the aid of Mr. Wrangham's sanction, to gain a cordial reception where the work in its primary state would be contemptuously cast aside.

The same remarks are applicable to the sermons from Baxter, with this qualification, that, as Mr. Wrangham's materials were of a higher order, his adaptations are more impressive. We have not observed any intimation from which we can ascertain whether or not they are now published for the first time; and we are only withheld from a more detailed exposition of their contents and quality, by the probability that, although new to us, they have been, like the greater part of the contents of these volumes, previously laid before the public.

The second volume consists, we believe, entirely of republications; the larger portion of which we are glad to see under their present more permanent arrangement. There are, however, two or three against which we should be disposed, were this a convenient place and season for controversial discussion, to take very serious objection. In his fourth sermon, preached in March, 1808, at the York Assizes, we find Mr. W. joining, too cordially by far for a man of his ability, in the common-place eulogies on the British legal code. Mr. Wrangham, than whom no man is better qualified for the business of inquiry, will pardon the expression of our regret, that he should have spoken authoritatively on a subject which had, most clearly, never fairly exercised his mind. Had he given himself time, and collected the necessary materials for reflection, we are persuaded that he would not have permitted himself to specify among the 'serious objections essentially inherent in every human system of legislation,' the impossibility that any 'power of divination can anticipate,' or any 'dexterity of expression pre-define, offences with so much precision, as universally to comprise them all.' Was not Mr. W. aware that the impracticability of this precise pre-definition, is the inevitable demonstration of the absurdity of attempting it? Or has it never occurred to him, that the simple definition of social and individual rights, of itself determines the quality of offences against them? The framers of English law have invariably set all principles at defiance; and seem to have regarded all interests but those of the expounders of the law, with systematic negligence. Our forensic forms are so mixed up with accumulated words and phrases, antiquated and technical terms, senseless repetitions, and ridiculous inuendos, that every juridical question goes before our tribunals in a shape of inextricable complication; the perfect opposite of that naked simplicity which should be studied in nothing so entirely as in legal proceedings. Law is for the benefit of all, and should therefore be universally intelligible and accessible.

We shall not embark our readers on the stormy ocean of the Calvinistic controversy. Mr. Wrangham has treated it somewhat largely, but to very little purpose, in his seventh sermon. We are sorry to be compelled to say, that he has not handled his subject even fairly; for his quotations from Calvin in his notes, do not fully support the imputations in the text. Besides, for what worthy purpose can a theological writer of the present day, ransack the volumes of Calvin for phrases and tenets which are as strongly disavowed by those who have been long, though not altogether correctly, distinguished by his name, as by Mr. Wrangham himself? When we find him amusing himself with the 'shrewd remarks' of Dr. Hey on the hitherto unanswered reference to the Divine foreknowledge, we cannot help suspecting him of something like running away from an opponent that he is afraid to meet; and we would simply remind him, that ingenious comments can never supply the absence of hard arguments. When, too, we find a man of Mr. Wrangham's acquirements and estimable character, descending so low as to identify himself with the shallow and bigoted illiberalties of Balguy and Jortin, we must take leave to express our suspicion, that if he had been more confident in the stability of his cause, he would not have contented himself with substituting the virulent assertions of the Authors he quotes, for original reasoning.

With respect to the poetical contents of the third volume, we shall not be expected to say much. A considerable portion has been long before the public, and, we believe, has been favourably received. Mr. Wrangham's poems are certainly the productions of an accomplished mind: they display considerable command of language, and a familiar acquaintance with the theory and practice of rhythmical construction; but to the 'higher' moods of poetry, his 'strain' seldom aspires. We are persuaded that Mr. W. himself considers them as nothing more than the *Horæ subsecivæ* of a man of talent and literature.

We are reminded that we have too long deferred to notice this complete edition of the Author's works, by the circumstance of its being dedicated, with permission, to the lamented Princess Charlotte of Wales. It did not fall into our hands till a considerable time after its publication.

Art. III. *Poems descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery.* By John Clare, a Northamptonshire Peasant. f. cap 8vo. pp. xxxii, 222. Price 5s. 6d. London. 1820.

IF it be the characteristic privilege of genius, as distinguishable from mere talent, 'to carry on the feelings of childhood 'into the powers of the man,'—to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the every day appearances of nature,

'With sun and moon and stars throughout the year,
With man and woman,—'

and if there be any truth in the assertion, that, 'so to represent 'familiar objects as to awaken the minds of others to a like 'healthy freshness of sensation concerning them, is its most 'unequivocal mode of manifestation,'—there can be no hesitation in classing the Author of these poems, to whatsoever rank in society he should prove to belong, among the most genuine possessors of this dangerous gift. That a peasant should write verses, would, in the present day, afford no matter of astonishment; and did the individual challenge attention in the character of a prodigy, the wonder would soon be over. There is nothing prodigious in real genius, under whatsoever circumstances it has been developed. But a genuine and powerful interest, that does more honour to its object, cannot fail to be excited by the perusal of these exquisitely vivid descriptions of rural scenery, in every lover of nature, who will feel a sort of affinity to the Author; and the recollection that the sensibility, the keenness of observation, and the imaginative enthusiasm which they display, have discovered themselves in an individual of the very humblest station in society, in a day-labourer, whose independence of spirit alone has sustained him above actual pauperism, will be attended by sensations similar to those with which he would recognise some member of his own family in a state of degradation. Talent is, we admit, cheap enough in the present day: the average stature of mind has been raised pretty extensively throughout society. But genius such as characterises these productions of John Clare, is not common in any rank; and that state of things cannot be favourable to the general welfare, which offers to such an individual no means of rising above the condition of extreme indigence in which, almost literally with his spade in the one hand, and his pencil in the other, Clare has hitherto been earning the scanty pittance of hard labour among the most vulgar of mankind. We feel confident, however, that the present appeal to the public on his behalf, will not disappoint the expectations of his friendly and intelligent Editor, nor crush the modest hopes of 'better life' which he has been the means of awakening. Let our readers say whether the Author of the following lines, is a man that should be thrown back into obscurity.

' Hail, scenes obscure! so near and dear to me,
The church, the brook, the cottage, and the tree;
Still shall obscurity rehearse the song,
And hum your beauties as I stroll along.
Dear, native spot! which length of time endears;
The sweet retreat of twenty lingering years,
And, oh! those years of infancy the scene;
Those dear delights, where once they all have been;
Those golden days, long vanish'd from the plain;
Those sports, those pastimes, now belov'd in vain;

When happy youths in pleasure's circle ran,
 Nor thought what pains awaited future man ;
 No other thought employing, or employ'd,
 But how to add to happiness enjoy'd :
 Each morning wak'd with hopes before unknown,
 And eve, possessing, made each wish their own ;
 The day gone by left no pursuit undone,
 Nor one vain wish, save that it went too soon ;
 Each sport, each pastime, ready at their call,
 As soon as wanted they possess'd them all :
 These joys, all known in happy infancy,
 And all I ever knew, were spent in thee.
 And who, but loves to view where these were pass'd ?
 And who that views, but loves them to the last ?
 Feels his heart warm to view his native place,
 A fondness still those past delights to trace ?
 The vanish'd green to mourn, the spot to see
 Where flourish'd many a bush and many a tree ?
 Where once the brook, for now the brook is gone,
 O'er pebbles dimpling sweet went whimpering on ;
 Oft on whose oaken plank I've wondering stood,
 (That led a pathway o'er its gentle flood),
 To see the beetles their wild mazes run,
 With jetty jackets glittering in the sun :
 So apt and ready at their reels they seem,
 So true the dance is figur'd on the stream,
 Such justness, such correctness they impart,
 They seem as ready as if taught by art.
 In those past days, for then I lov'd the shade,
 How oft I've sigh'd at alterations made ;
 To see the woodman's cruel axe employ'd,
 A tree beheaded, or a bush destroy'd :
 Nay, e'en a post, old standard, or a stone
 Moss'd o'er by age, and branded as her own,
 Would in my mind a strong attachment gain,
 A fond desire that there they might remain ;
 And all old favourites, fond taste approves,
 Griev'd me at heart to witness their removes.

‘Thou far fled pasture, long evanish'd scene !
 Where nature's freedom spread the flow'ry green ;
 Where golden kingcups open'd into view ;
 Where silver daisies in profusion grew ;
 And, tottering, hid amidst those brighter gems,
 Where silken grasses bent their tiny stems ;
 Where the pale lilac, mean and lowly, grew,
 Courting in vain each gazer's heedless view ;
 While cowslips, sweetest flowers upon the plain,
 Seemingly bow'd to shun the hand, in vain :
 Where lowing oxen roam'd to feed at large,
 And bleating there the shepherd's woolly charge,
 Whose constant calls thy echoing vallies cheer'd,
 Thy scenes adorn'd, and rural life endear'd ;

No calls of hunger pity's feelings wound,
 'Twas wanton plenty rais'd the joyful sound :
 Thy grass in plenty gave the wish'd supply,
 Ere sultry suns had wak'd the troubling fly;
 Then blest retiring, by thy bounty fed,
 They sought thy shades, and found an easy bed.

‘ But now, alas ! those scenes exist no more ;
 The pride of life with thee, like mine, is o'er,
 Thy pleasing spots to which fond memory clings,
 Sweet cooling shades, and soft refreshing springs.
 And though fate's pleas'd to lay their beauties by
 In a dark corner of obscurity,
 As fair and sweet they bloom'd thy plains among,
 As bloom those Edens by the poets sung ;
 Now all laid waste by desolation's hand,
 Whose cursed weapon levels half the land.
 Oh ! who could see my dear green willows fall,
 What feeling heart, but dropt a tear for all ?
 Accursed Wealth ! o'er-bounding human laws,
 Of every evil thou remain'st the cause.
 Victims of want, those wretches such as me,
 Too truly lay their wretchedness to thee :
 Thou art the bar that keeps from being fed,
 And thine our loss of labour and of bread ;
 Thou art the cause that levels every tree,
 And woods bow down to clear a way for thee.

‘ Sweet rest and peace ! ye dear, departed charms,
 Which industry once cherish'd in her arms ;
 When ease and plenty, known but now to few,
 Were known to all, and labour had its due ;
 When mirth and toil, companions through the day,
 Made labour light and pass'd the hours away ;
 When nature made the fields so dear to me,
 Thin scattering many a bush and many a tree ;
 Where the wood minstrel sweetly join'd among,
 And cheer'd my needy toilings with a song ;
 Ye perish'd spots, adieu ! ye ruin'd scenes,
 Ye well known pastures, oft frequented greens !
 Though now no more, fond Memory's pleasing pains,
 Within her breast your every scene retains.
 Scarce did a bush spread its romantic bower,
 To shield the lazy shepherd from the shower ;
 Scarce did a tree befriend the chattering pye,
 By lifting up its head so proud and high ;
 No, not a secret spot did then remain,
 Throughout each spreading wood and winding plain,
 But, in those days, my presence once possess'd,
 The snail-horn searching, or the mossy nest.

‘ Oh, happy Eden of those golden years
 Which memory cherishes, and use endears,

Thou dear, beloved spot! may it be thine
 To add a comfort to my life's decline,
 When this vain world and I have nearly done,
 And Time's drain'd glass has little left to run.
 When all the hopes, that charm'd me once, are o'er,
 To warm my soul in extacy no more,
 By disappointments prov'd a foolish cheat,
 Each ending bitter, and beginning sweet;
 When weary age the grave, a rescue, seeks,
 And prints its image on my wrinkled cheeks,—
 Those charms of youth, that I again may see,
 May it be mine to meet my end in thee;
 And, as reward for all my troubles past,
 Find one hope true—to die at home at last!' pp. 5—11.

For minute fidelity and tastefulness of description, we know scarcely any thing superior to the sketches of Noon, Summer Morning, and Summer Evening. It is evident from a line introduced between inverted commas in the first of these, that the Author had seen Cunningham's 'Day.' This, however, is the extent of his obligations. Clare's descriptions are as far superior in spirit, and picturesque beauty, and tasteful expression, to the namby pamby style of Cunningham's pastorals, as the scenes from which he derives his inspiration, are to Vauxhall gardens. It is, indeed, remarkable, that Clare's style should be so free from the vices of that school of poetry, to which his scanty reading appears to have been confined. Colloquialisms and provincialisms abound in his poems, and attest its substantial originality; but of the grosser vulgarity of affected expression, of all attempt at fine writing, he has steered most commendably clear. We must make room for the whole of

• SUMMER EVENING.

' The sinking sun is taking leave,
 And sweetly gilds the edge of Eve,
 While huddling clouds of purple dye,
 Gloomy hang the western sky.
 Crows crowd croaking over head,
 Hastening to the woods to bed.
 Cooing sits the lonely dove,
 Calling home her absent love.
 With "Kirchup! kirchup!" 'mong the wheats,
 Partridge distant partridge greets;
 Beckoning hints to those that roam,
 That guide the squander'd covey home.
 Swallows check their winding flight,
 And twittering on the chimney light.
 Round the pond the martins flirt,
 Their snowy breasts bedaub'd with dirt,
 While the mason, 'neath the slates,
 Each mortar-bearing bird awaits:

By art untaught, each labouring spouse
Curious daubs his hanging house.
Bats flit by in hood and cowl;
Through the barn-hole pops the owl;
From the hedge, in drowsy hum,
Heedless buzzing beetles bum,
Haunting every bushy place,
Flopping in the labourer's face.
Now the snail hath made his ring;
And the moth with snowy wing
Circles round in winding whirls,
Through sweet evening's sprinkled pearls,
On each nodding rush besprent;
Dancing on from bent to bent:
Now to downy grasses clung,
Resting for a while he's hung;
Then, to ferry o'er the stream,
Vanishing as flies a dream;
Playful still his hours to keep,
Till his time has come to sleep;
In tall grass, by fountain head,
Weary then he drops to bed.
From the hay-cock's moisten'd heaps,
Startled frogs take vaunting leaps;
And along the shaven mead,
Jumping travellers, they proceed:
Quick the dewy grass divides,
Moistening sweet their speckled sides;
From the grass or flowret's cup,
Quick the dew-drop bounces up.
Now the blue fog creeps along,
And the bird's forgot his song:
Flowers now sleep within their hoods;
Daisies button into buds;
From soiling dew the butter-cup
Shuts his golden jewels up;
And the rose and woodbine they
Wait again the smiles of day.
'Neath the willow's wavy boughs,
Dolly, singing, milks her cows;
While the brook, as bubbling by,
Joins in murmuring melody.
Dick and Dob, with jostling joll,
Homeward drag the rumbling roll;
Whilom Ralph, for Doll to wait,
Lolls him o'er the pasture gate.
Swains to fold their sheep begin;
Dogs loud barking drive them in.
Hedgers now along the road
Homeward bend beneath their load;
And from the long furrow'd seams,
Ploughmen loose their weary teams:

Ball, with urging lashes weal'd,
 Still so slow to drive a-field,
 Eager blundering from the plough,
 Wants no whip to drive him now ;
 At the stable-door he stands,
 Looking round for friendly hands
 To loose the door its fast'ning pin,
 And let him with his corn begin.
 Round the yard, a thousand ways,
 Beasts in expectation gaze,
 Catching at the loads of hay
 Passing fodd'ers tug away.
 Hogs with grumbling, deaf'ning noise,
 Bother round the server boys ;
 And, far and near, the motley group
 Anxious claim their suppering-up.
 From the rest, a blest release,
 Gabbling home, the quarreling geese
 Seek their warm straw-litter'd shed,
 And, waddling, prate away to bed.
 'Nighted by unseen delay,
 Poking hens, that lose their way,
 On the hovel's rafters rise,
 Slumbering there, the fox's prize.
 Now the cat has ta'en her seat,
 With her tail curl'd round her feet ;
 Patiently she sits to watch
 Sparrows fighting on the thatch.
 Now Doll brings th' expected pails,
 And dogs begin to wag their tails ;
 With strokes and pats they're welcom'd in,
 And they with looking wants begin :
 Slove in the milk pail brimming o'er,
 She pops their dish behind the door.
 Prone to mischief boys are met,
 'Neath the eaves the ladder's set,
 Sly they climb in softest tread,
 To catch the sparrow on his bed ;
 Massacred, O cruel pride !
 Dash'd against the ladder's side.
 Curst barbarians ! pass me by ;
 Come not, Turks, my cottage nigh ;
 Sure my sparrows are my own,
 Let ye then my birds alone.
 Come, poor birds ! from foes severe
 Fearless come, you're welcome here ;
 My heart yearns at fate like yours,
 A sparrow's life's as sweet as ours.
 Hardy clowns ! grudge not the wheat
 Which hunger forces birds to eat :
 Your blinded eyes, worst foes to you,
 Can't see the good which sparrows do.

Did not poor birds with watching rounds
 Pick up the insects from your grounds,
 Did they not tend your rising grain,
 You then might sow to reap in vain.
 Thus Providence, right understood,
 Whose end and aim is doing good,
 Sends nothing here without its use ;
 Though ignorance loads it with abuse,
 And fools despise the blessing sent,
 And mock the Giver's good intent.—
 O God, let me what's good pursue,
 Let me the same to others do
 As I'd have others do to me,
 And learn at least humanity.

‘ Dark and darker glooms the sky ;
 Sleep 'gins close the labourer's eye :
 Dobson leaves his greensward seat,
 Neighbours where they neighbours meet
 Crops to praise, and work in hand,
 And battles tell from foreign land.
 While his pipe is puffing out,
 Sue he's putting to the rout,
 Gossiping, who takes delight
 To shool her knitting out at night,
 And back-bite neighbours 'bout the town—
 Who's got new caps, and who a gown,
 And many a thing, her evil eye
 Can see they don't come honest by.
 Chattering at a neighbour's house,
 She hears call out her frowning spouse ;
 Prepar'd to start, she soodles home,
 Her knitting twirling o'er her thumb,
 As, loth to leave, afraid to stay,
 She bawls her story all the way :
 The tale so fraught with 'ticing charms,
 Her apron folded o'er her arms,
 She leaves the unfinished tale, in pain,
 To end as evening comes again ;
 And in the cottage gangs with dread,
 To meet old Dobson's timely frown,
 Who grumbling sits, prepar'd for bed,
 While she stands chelping 'bout the town.

‘ The night-wind now, with sooty wings,
 In the cotter's chimney sings ;
 Now, as stretching o'er the bed,
 Soft I raise my drowsy head,
 Listening to the ushering charms,
 That shake the elm tree's mossy arms :
 Till sweet slumbers stronger creep,
 Deeper darkness stealing round,
 Then, as rock'd, I sink to sleep,
 'Mid the wild wind's lulling sound.’ pp. 130—133.

The Village Funeral is a very touching little poem : the following stanzas in particular, are exquisitely beautiful.

- ‘ There the lank nettles sicken ere they seed,
Where from old trees eve’s cordial vainly falls
To raise or comfort each dejected weed,
While pattering drops decay the crumbling walls.
- ‘ Here stand, far distant from the pomp of pride,
Mean little stones, thin scatter’d here and there ;
By the scant means of Poverty applied,
The fond memorial of her friends to bear.
- ‘ O Memory ! thou sweet, enliv’ning power,
Thou shadow of that fame all hope to find ;
The meanest soul exerts her utmost power,
To leave some fragment of a name behind.
- ‘ Now crowd the sad spectators round to see
The deep sunk grave, whose heap of swelling mold,
Full of the fragments of mortality,
Makes the heart shudder while the eyes behold.’ p. 76.

After describing the grief of the helpless orphans on leaving behind them in the dust, their only friend and provider, the Poet feelingly exclaims :

- ‘ Yon workhouse stands as their asylum now,
The place where poverty demands to live ;
Where parish bounty scowls his scornful brow,
And grudges the scant fare he’s forced to give.
- ‘ Oh, may I die before I’m doom’d to seek
That last resource of hope but ill supplied ;
To claim the humble pittance once a week,
Which justice forces from disdainful pride !’

There are some very fine poetical thoughts in the Address to Plenty, but we have quoted enough for our purpose. We must, however, make room for two noble sonnets ; the first for its picturesque beauty, the second for its sentimental excellence.

‘ TO THE WINDS.

- ‘ Hail, gentle Winds ! I love your murmuring sound ;
The willows charm me, wavering to and fro ;
And oft I stretch me on the daisied ground,
To see you crimp the wrinkled flood below :
Delighted more as brisker gusts succeed,
And give the landscape round a sweeter grace,
Sweeping in shaded waves the ripening mead,
Puffing their rifled fragrance in my face.
Painters of Nature ! ye are doubly dear ;
Her children dearly love your whispering charms :
Ah, ye have murmur’d sweet to many an ear
That now lies dormant in death’s icy arms ;
And at this moment many a weed ye wave,
That hides the bard in his forgotten grave.’ p. 198.

' TO RELIGION.

'Thou sacred light, that right from wrong discerns;
 Thou safeguard of the soul, thou heaven on earth;
 Thou undervaluer of the world's concerns,
 Thou disregarder of its joys and mirth;
 Thou only home the houseless wanderers have;
 Thou prop by which the pilgrim's woes are borne;
 Thou solace of the lonely hermit's cave,
 That beds him down to rest on fate's sharp thorn;
 Thou only hope to sorrow's bosom given;
 Thou voice of mercy when the weary call;
 Thou faith extending to thy home in heaven;
 Thou peace, thou rest, thou comfort, all in all:
 O sovereign good! on thee all hopes depend,
 Till thy grand source unfolds its realizing end.' p. 204.

We hope we have by this time amply substantiated the opinion we gave at the outset, as to the extraordinary merit of these productions: if so,—if, instead of thinking them *very clever considering they are by a day labourer*, our readers agree with us in conceding to them a high degree of poetical merit quite independent of the circumstances of their Author, they will be prepared to enter with the requisite sympathy, into the simple details of his history.

John Clare was born at Helpstone near Peterborough, on the 13th of July, 1793. He is the only son of Parker and Ann Clare, who are also natives of the same village, where they have always resided in extreme poverty. Parker Clare was a farmer's labourer, and was latterly employed in threshing; but disabled by repeated attacks of rheumatism, he is now a helpless cripple and a pauper, receiving an allowance of five shillings a week from the parish.

'John Clare has always lived with his parents at Helpstone, except for those short periods when the distance to which he was obliged to go for work, prevented his return every evening. At his own home, therefore, he saw poverty in all its most affecting shapes, and when he speaks of it, as in the Address to Plenty, at p. 48,

"Oh, sad sons of Poverty!
 Victims doom'd to misery;
 Who can paint what pain prevails
 O'er that heart which want assails?
 Modest shame the pain conceals
 No one knows but he who feels"—

he utters no "idly feign'd poetic pains:" it is a picture of what he has constantly witnessed and felt.

'While such was the destitute condition of his parents, it may seem extraordinary that Clare should have found the means to acquire any learning whatever; but by extra work as a ploughboy, and by helping his father morning and evening at threshing, he earned the

money which paid for his education. From the labour of eight weeks he generally acquired as many pence as would pay for a month's schooling; and thus in the course of three years he received, at different times, so much instruction that he could read very well in the Bible. He considers himself to have derived much benefit from the judicious encouragement of his schoolmaster, Mr. Seaton, of Glington, an adjoining parish, from whom he sometimes obtained threepence a week in rewards, and who once gave him sixpence for repeating, from memory, the third chapter of Job. With these little sums he bought a few books.

'When he had learned to read tolerably well, he borrowed from one of his companions that universal favourite, Robinson Crusoe, and in the perusal of this he greatly increased his stock of knowledge and his desire for reading. He was thirteen years of age when another boy shewed him Thomson's Seasons. They were out in the fields together, and during the day Clare had a good opportunity of looking at the book. It called forth all the passions of his soul for poetry. He was determined to possess the work himself; and as soon as he had saved a shilling to buy it with, he set off for Stamford at so early an hour, that none of the shops were open when he got there. It was a fine Spring morning, and when he had made his purchase, and was returning through the beautiful scenery of Burghley Park, he composed his first piece of poetry, which he called "The Morning Walk." This was soon followed by the "Evening Walk," and some other little pieces.

'But the first expression of his fondness for Poetry was before he had learnt to read. He was tired one day with looking at the pictures in a volume of poems, which he thinks were Pomfret's, when his father read him one piece in the book to amuse him. The delight he felt, at hearing this read, still warms him when he thinks of the circumstance; but though he distinctly recollects the vivid pleasure which thrilled through him then, he has lost all trace of the incidents as well as of the language, nor can he find any poem of Pomfret's at all answering the faint conception he retains of it. It is possible that his chief gratification was in the harmony of the numbers, and that he had thoughts of his own floating onward with the verse very different from those which the same words would now suggest. The various melody of the earliest of his own compositions, is some argument in favour of this opinion.

'His love of Poetry, however, would soon have spent itself in compositions as little to be remembered as that which has just been mentioned, had it not been for the kindness of Mr. John Turnill, late of Helpstone, now in the Excise, who was indeed a benefactor to him. From his instruction Clare, though he knew a little of the rudiments before, learnt Writing and Arithmetic; and to this friend he must, therefore, consider himself indebted for whatever good may accrue to him from the exercise of those powers of mind with which he is naturally endowed.' pp. x—xii.

Most of his poems were composed under the immediate impression of the surrounding scenery, in the fields, or on the

road sides. The 'Elegy on the Ruins of Pickworth,' he told the Editor, was written one morning after he had been helping to dig the hole for a lime-kiln, 'where,' he adds, 'the many fragments of mortality and perished ruins, inspired me with thoughts of other times, and warmed me into song.' Not being able to trust his memory, it has been his custom to write down his thoughts with a pencil on the spot, 'his hat serving him for a desk.'

'And if it happened that he had no opportunity soon after of transcribing these imperfect memorials, he could seldom decypher them, or recover his first thoughts. From this circumstance several of his poems are quite lost, and others exist only in fragments. Of those which he had committed to writing, especially his earlier pieces, many were destroyed from another circumstance, which shews how little he expected to please others with them: from a hole in the wall of his room, where he stuffed his manuscripts, a piece of paper was often taken to hold the kettle, or light the fire.

'It is now thirteen years since Clare composed his first poem: in all that time he has gone on secretly cultivating his taste and talent for Poetry, without one word of encouragement, or the most distant prospect of reward. That passion must have been originally very strong and pure, which could sustain itself, for so many years, through want, and toil, and hopeless misery. His labour in the fields through all seasons, it might be thought, would have disgusted him with those objects which he so much admired at first; and his taste might have altered with his age: but the foundation of his regard was laid too deeply in truth to be shaken. On the contrary, he found delight in scenes which no other poet has thought of celebrating. "The swampy falls of pasture ground, and rushy spreading greens," "plashy streams," and "weed beds wild and rank," give him as much real transport as common minds feel at what are called the most romantic prospects. And if there were any question as to the intensity or sincerity of his feeling for Poetry and Nature, the commendation of these simple, unthought of, and generally despised objects would decide it.' pp. xx—xxii.

This very individual was working, during the greater part of last year, for nine shillings a week and his food; 'out of which he had to pay one shilling and sixpence a week for a bed,' his engagement being at the distance of nine miles from Helpstone. 'But at the beginning of November, his employer proposed to allow him *only seven shillings a week*, on which he quitted his service, and returned home.'

'The Author and his Poems,' continues his friendly Editor, 'are now before the Public; and its decision will speedily fix the fate of the one, and, ultimately, that of the other: but whatever be the result to either, this will at least be granted, that no Poet of our country has shewn greater ability under circumstances so hostile to its development. And all this is found here without any of those distressing and revolting

alloys, which too often debase the native worth of genius, and make him who was gifted with powers to command admiration, live to be the object of contempt or pity. The lower the condition of its possessor, the more unfavourable, generally, has been the effect of genius on his life. That this has not been the case with Clare, may, perhaps, be imputed to the absolute depression of his fortune. It is certain that he has not had the opportunity hitherto of being injured by prosperity; and that he may escape in future, it is hoped that those persons who intend to shew him kindness, will not do it suddenly or partially, but so as it will yield him permanent benefit. Yet when we hear the consciousness of possessing talent, and the natural irritability of the poetic temperament, pleaded in extenuation of the follies and vices of men in high life, let it be accounted no mean praise to such a man as Clare, that, with all the excitements of *their* sensibility in *his* station, he has preserved a fair character, amid dangers which presumption did not create, and difficulties which discretion could not avoid. In the real troubles of life, when they are not brought on by the misconduct of the individual, a strong mind acquires the power of righting itself after each attack, and this philosophy, not to call it by a better name, Clare possesses. If the expectations of "better life," which he cannot help indulging, should all be disappointed, by the coldness with which this volume may be received, he can

"—— put up with distress, and be content." p. 4.

'In one of his letters he says, "If my hopes don't succeed, the hazard is not of much consequence: if I fall, I am advanced at no great distance from my low condition: if I sink for want of friends, my old friend Necessity is ready to help me, as before. It was never my fortune as yet to meet advancement from friendship: my fate has ever been hard labour among the most vulgar and lowest conditions of men; and very small is the pittance hard labour allows me, though I always toil'd even beyond my strength to obtain it." ' pp. xxvi—xxviii.

We deem it a very happy circumstance, that Clare has apparently fallen into so good hands; and we earnestly hope that no ostentatious act of injudicious kindness on the part of any who may feel disposed to serve poor Clare, will frustrate the object which his friends have in view. A situation of honourable industry, in which, while elevated above the fear of want, he should not be discharged from the necessity of daily exertion, in which poetry should still continue to be, not his occupation, much less his trade, but his solace and his pride,—would be the most conducive to his happiness. Let him not be cursed with an Exciseman's place, nor fettered with a scanty pension from a titled patron, nor imprisoned in a town till his mind becomes morbid, or his morals tainted by its atmosphere, nor tempted to play the idler. Let him still be suffered to live, and to labour too, in the presence of Nature, but to live free, and to labour for an object that shall sustain and compensate his exertions.

One word to the Editor of the present volume. We are not

disposed under present circumstances, to find fault with any of the specimens which he has presented to us, of Clare's genius; and it was quite proper that they should appear with all their inaccuracies and provincialisms, just as they proceeded from his pen. But as the permanent interest of the volume will depend on the intrinsic merits of the composition, we cannot imagine that a few corrections from the hand of Clare himself, at the suggestion of his Editor, would render a new edition less valuable. We by no means intend this remark to apply to the greater number of the words thrown into the glossary,—some of them needlessly enough; as, for instance, 'folds,' 'standard' 'trees,' 'tools,' 'won't,' &c. Many of the provincial terms are forcibly expressive, and can scarcely fail to be understood. What we chiefly refer to, is, an occasional grammatical blemish, although both the diction and the construction of the periods, are, upon the whole, singularly chaste and correct. A more important improvement, however, would consist in a careful revision of the selection of pieces offered to the Public. Several in the present volume, we should be extremely glad to see displaced by subsequent productions; in particular, 'My Mary,' 'Dolly's 'Mistake,' and 'The Country Girl.' Clare does not succeed in humour: his poems display a playful fancy, but it is a playfulness quite distinct from the unbridled joyousness of dramatic humour, or the epigrammatic smartness of wit. Humour belongs to other scenes than the quiet landscape of human life: it draws its materials from the fantastic modifications of character which are given birth to by the action of men upon one another in an artificial state of society. What may be the effect of further cultivation and a more extended experience, on the mind of Clare, we will not venture to predict. It belongs to the nature of real genius, to convert all knowledge to its own nutriment, and to enrich itself with the spoils of time. There have, however, been instances in which the imagination has been confused, and its vigour impaired, by the attempt to improve upon the finer instincts of nature by means of subsequent cultivation. Clare is hardly likely to produce anything much more beautiful than some of the descriptive passages in the present volume. However this may be, he will not in future be able to yield with the same zest and simplicity of feeling, and in the same unsollicitous mood as formerly, to the tide of his own emotions; and though he may write better, he will scarcely enjoy in an equal degree the luxury of his solitary thoughts. But he may, and we trust he will, be put in possession of the more substantial means of permanent enjoyment. Society owes it to itself, to prevent the Author of these poems from adding another name to the annals of unbefriended genius.

Art. IV. *Some Account of the Life of Rachael Wriothesley Lady Russell.* By the Editor of Madame Du Deffand's Letters. Followed by a Series of Letters from Lady Russell to her Husband, William, Lord Russell; from 1672 to 1682; together with some Miscellaneous Letters to and from Lady Russell. To which are added, Eleven Letters from Dorothy Sidney Countess of Sunderland, to George Saville Marquis of Halifax, in the year 1680. Published from the Originals in the possession of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire. 8vo. pp. 390. London. 1819.

THE character of Lady Russell has all the interest of romance. Her heroism, her saintly virtue, her devoted fidelity to her illustrious lord, combined with the recollection of the touching circumstances of his trial and death, have imparted to her name a never-dying virtue, which

‘ still smells and blossoms from the dust.’

And yet, no character could be more perfectly sober and unaffected, more thoroughly feminine and domestic—we add with pride, more entirely and peculiarly English. And in this consists much of the force of her example. She deserves to live in the remembrance of her countrywomen, as the ornament and model of the sex. To the unfortunate events in which her dearest interests were implicated, she owes, perhaps, all her celebrity; but then, she is not indebted to that unsought for celebrity any further than as the mere occasion of bringing her virtues into open day; and they reflect back upon the page of history more lustre than they borrow from fame. ‘The peculiarity which is most striking in Lady Russell,’ remarks the noble biographer of her husband, ‘is, that she was esteemed and consulted by her contemporaries, and has been admired and esteemed by posterity, without any ambitious efforts of her own. She neither sought to shine in the world by the extent of her capacity, nor to display, by affected retirement, the elevation of her soul; and when circumstances obliged her to come forward on the stage of history, she shewed herself in the appropriate character of a wife and a mother.’ ‘Hence,’ he adds, ‘we may believe, that the unobtrusive modesty of private life, contains many a female capable of giving the same example to her sex and to mankind.’ Lady Russell’s published letters, undistinguished by any extraordinary literary merit, have nevertheless an historical interest, and a charm arising from their simplicity and pathos, which make them deserve to rank among the classics of English literature. We are not indeed disposed to estimate them lightly, considered as epistolary compositions. Nothing can be more dignified, affecting, and every way admirable, than some of the letters to Dr. Fitzwilliam, written after the loss of her husband. Without making any pretensions to

genius or wit, the Writer displays in every period a fine understanding, and an elevation of mind which could have been derived only from the influence of genuine piety. Nor do her letters suffer by comparison with those of her distinguished correspondents. Those in the present volume are confessedly less intrinsically worthy of preservation: they are, many of them, the mere chit-chat communications of the wife and the mother, to her husband; and they require, in order to be understood, a familiar acquaintance with the incidents and personages to which they abound in passing allusions. As the letters of Lady Russell, they cannot, however, fail to interest the reader; and the Editor has been at the pains of supplying a running commentary, which will greatly add to his entertainment. They were originally sorted and arranged for the Duke of Devonshire, from a mass of family papers. At the solicitation of several persons to whom the collection was shewn, His Grace was induced to allow of its publication; and the same friend who had undertaken the sorting of the papers, was applied to, to draw up the biographical notice prefixed to the letters, which forms by no means the least interesting portion of the volume. The letters themselves are valuable, chiefly as they admit us to the interior recesses of the Writer's character, exhibiting her 'in the captivating form of the most tender and attached of women.'

'The strain of artless passion,' remarks the Editor, 'of love exalted by every sentiment of the heart and of the understanding, which breathes through all those addressed to her lord, make them, certainly, the most touching *love letters* I ever read; while the almost prophetic exhortations they contain, both to him and herself, to be prepared for the loss of a happiness she appreciated so justly, give them a singular interest, when combined with her subsequent misfortune, and the deep and lasting manner in which she felt it.'

The following extract from the third letter in the present collection, presents a striking specimen.

[*From London to Stratton, September 23, 1672.*]

'If I were more fortunate in my expression, I could do myself more right when I would own to my dearest Mr. Russell what real and perfect happiness I enjoy, from that kindness he allows me every day to receive new marks of, such as, in spite of the knowledge I have of my own wants, will not suffer me to mistrust I want his love, though I do merit, to so desirable a blessing; but, my best life, you that know so well how to love and to oblige, make my felicity entire, by believing my heart possessed with all the gratitude, honour, and passionate affection to your person any creature is capable of, or can be obliged to; and this granted, what have I to ask but a continuance (if God see fit) of these present enjoyments? if not, a submission, without murmur, to his most wise dispensations and

unerring providence ; having a thankful heart for the years I have been so perfectly contented in : He knows best when we have had enough here : what I most earnestly beg for from his mercy is, that we both live so as, which ever goes first, the other may not sorrow as for one of whom they have no hope. Then let us cheerfully expect to be together to a good old age : if not, let us not doubt but he will support us under what trial he will inflict upon them. These are necessary meditations sometimes, that we may not be surprised above our strength by a sudden accident, being unprepared. Excuse me, if I dwell too long upon it ; it is from my opinion that if we can be prepared for all conditions, we can with the greater tranquillity enjoy the present, which I hope will be long ; though when we change, it will be for the better, I trust, through the merits of Christ. Let us daily pray it may be so, and then admit of no fears ; death is the extremest evil against nature, it is true ; let us overcome the immoderate fear of it, either to our friend or self, and then what light hearts may we live with ?' pp. 168—170.

Another letter, written only three years before Lord Russell's murder, begins in this touchingly affectionate strain.

' My dearest heart, flesh and blood cannot have a truer and greater sense of their own happiness than your poor but honest wife has. I am glad you find Stratton so sweet ; may you live to do so one fifty years more ; and, if God pleases, I shall be glad I may keep your company most of those years, unless you wish other at any time ; then I think I could willingly leave all in the world, knowing you would take care of our brats : they are both well, and your great one's letter she hopes came to you.'

And again, in the same year, she writes :

' Absent or present, my dearest life is equally obliging, and ever the earthly delight of my soul, it is my great care (or ought to be so) so to moderate my sense of happiness here, that when the appointed time comes of my leaving it, or its leaving me, I may not be unwilling to forsake the one, or be in some measure prepared and fit to bear the trial of the other.

' I hope we shall enjoy those dozen years he speaks of,' Lady Russell writes at another time, referring to a passage in one of her husband's letters ; ' and cannot,' she adds, ' forbear wishing ' to double them : as one pleasure passes, I doubt not but we ' shall find new ones ; our nursery will help to furnish us.' And within a few months of their tragical separation, she thus concludes a note dated from Stratton, the beloved scene of their domestic privacy.

' I know nothing new since you went ; but I know, as certainly as I live, that I have been, for twelve years, as passionate a lover as ever woman was, and hope to be so one twelve years more happy still and entirely yours,

R. RUSSELL.

Had these expressions of impassioned tenderness occurred in the letters of an unknown individual, it might have been unsafe

to risk their exposure to the public. Doubts would have been started whether this affection was reciprocal, whether it was unfeigned, and whether it was as lasting in its fidelity, as ardent in its professions. But when it is known that they proceeded from the high-minded and idolized wife of Lord Russell, who assisted him at his trial, and in his last hours surprised and sustained him by her fortitude, and that during the forty years of her widowhood, her devotion to the memory of him she loved so fondly, continued to be the ruling principle of her life, all such surmises of a cold-hearted scepticism are at once precluded; and the possible existence of a passionate attachment in both parties of the married state, as virtuous as it is happy, and as permanent as it is tender, this single fact were sufficient to establish. We cannot refrain from transcribing as a counterpart to the extracts we have given, a few passages from a letter written by Lady Russell to Dr. Fitzwilliam, two months after the fatal catastrophe. Referring to those expressions in the Doctor's letter, in which he had endeavoured to assist her in lifting up her mind to heaven for consolation, she replies :

“ I need not tell you, good Doctor, how little capable I have
 “ been of such an exercise as this. You will soon find how unfit I am
 “ still for it; since my yet disordered thoughts can offer me no other
 “ than such words as express the deepest sorrow, and confused as
 “ my yet *amazed* mind is. But such men as you, and particularly
 “ one so much my friend, will, I know, bear with my weakness, and
 “ compassionate my distress, as you have already done, by your good
 “ letter, and excellent prayer. * * * *

“ You, that knew us both, and how we lived, must
 “ allow I have just cause to bewail my loss. I know it is common to
 “ others to lose a friend; but to have lived with such a one, it may
 “ be questioned how few can glory in the like happiness, so, conse-
 “ quently, lament the like loss. Who can but shrink from such a
 “ blow! * * * *

“ Lord, let me understand the reason of these dark and wounding
 “ providences, that I sink not under the discouragement of my own
 “ thoughts! I know I have deserved my punishment, and will be
 “ silent under it; but yet secretly my heart mourns, too sadly, I fear,
 “ and cannot be comforted, because I have not the dear companion
 “ and sharer of all my joys and sorrows. I want him to talk with,
 “ to walk with, to eat, and sleep with. All these things are irksome
 “ to me. The day unwelcome, and the night so too; all company
 “ and meals I would avoid, if it might be: yet all this is, that I enjoy
 “ not the world in my own way; and this sure hinders my comfort.
 “ When I see my children before me, I remember the pleasure he
 “ took in them: this makes my heart shrink. Can I regret his
 “ quitting a lesser good for a greater? Oh! if I did but steadfastly
 “ believe, I could not be dejected; for I will not injure myself to
 “ say, I offer my mind any inferior consolation to supply this loss.
 “ No; I most willingly forsake this world, this vexatious, troublesome

“ world, in which I have no other business, but to rid my soul of
“ sin, secure by faith and a good conscience my eternal interests,
“ with patience and courage bear my eminent misfortune, and ever
“ hereafter be above the smiles and frowns of fortune.” ’ pp. 45—47.

In an unfinished paper, ‘ the writing of which,’ we are informed, ‘ denotes the trembling hand of extreme old age,’ she thus, in reviewing her life for a devotional purpose, adverts to her irreparable bereavement, and to the subsequent loss of her son.

“ Vanity cleaves to me, I fear, O Lord! in all I say, in all I do.
“ In all I suffer, proud, not enduring to slights or neglects, subject to
“ envy the good parts of others, even as to worldly gifts. Failing in
“ my duty to my superiors; apt to be soon angry with, and without
“ cause too often; and by it may have grieved those that desired to
“ please me, or provoked others to sin by my rash anger. Not ready
“ to own any advantage I may have received by good advice or ex-
“ ample. Not well satisfied if I have not all the respect I ex-
“ pected, even from my superiors. Such has been the pride of my
“ naught heart, I fear, and also neglect in my performances due to
“ my superiors, children, friends, or servants—I heartily lament my
“ sin. But, alas! in my most dear husband’s troubles, seeking help
“ from man, but finding none. His life was taken away, and so
“ sorely was my spirit wounded, even without prospect of future
“ comfort or consolation—the more faulty in me, having three dear
“ children to perform my duty to, with thankfulness for such a bless-
“ ing left me, under so heavy a dispensation as I felt the loss of him
“ to be. But, alas! how feeble did I find myself both then, and
“ also poorly prepared to bear the loss of my dear child and only
“ son, in 1711.

“ If I carry my sorrow to the grave, O Lord, in much mercy
“ let it not be imputed as sin in me! His death was a piercing
“ sorrow to me, yet thou hast supported me, Lord! even in a very
“ old age, and freer from bodily pains and sickness than most feel—
“ I desire thankfully to recollect.” ’ pp. 148—149.

Of Lady Russell’s life previous to her second marriage, but few particulars have been preserved. She was the second daughter and co-heiress of Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, by his first wife, Rachael de Ruvigny, whose brother, the Marquis de Ruvigny, was long the head of the Protestant interest in France, as deputy-general of the reformed churches. She was born about the year 1636; and, in her seventeenth or eighteenth year, was given in marriage to Francis, Lord Vaughan, eldest son of the Earl of Carberry, by whom, in 1665, she had one child, who died in his infancy. She became a widow, it should seem, very soon after; probably in the following year; for in 1667, she appears to have received the addresses of Mr. Russell, then only a younger brother. They were married about the end of 1669. Her eldest daughter, afterwards

Dutchess of Devonshire, was born in 1674; her second daughter, afterwards Dutchess of Rutland, in 1676; and 'her domestic happiness seemed to be completed by the birth of a son,' in November 1680. The happy years which she passed with Lord Russell, were divided between their summer residence at Stratton, to which she always adverts with pleasure, and their winters at Southampton House. After the dreadful events of 1683, she remained for some time at Woburn, the seat of her father-in-law, the Duke of Bedford, struggling in solitude to arm her mind for the duties in order to discharge which she was reconciled to life.

"It is possible I grasp at too much of this kind for a spirit so broke by affliction; for I am so jealous that time, or necessity, the ordinary abaters of all violent passions, (nay, even employment or company of such friends as I have left,) should do that, my religion or reason ought to do, as makes me covet the best advices, and use all methods to obtain such a relief as I can ever hope for: a silent submission to this severe and terrible providence, without any ineffective unwillingness to bear what I must suffer; and such a victory over myself, that when once allayed, immoderate passions may not be apt to break out again upon fresh occasions and accidents, offering to my memory that dear object of my desires which must happen every day, I may say every hour, of the longest life I can live, that so, when I must return into the world, so far as to act that part is incumbent upon me in faithfulness to him I owe as much as can be due to man, it may be with greater strength of spirits, and grace to live a stricter life of holiness to my God." pp. 55, 56.

From a letter addressed to her at this period by Bishop Burnet, it appears that she had taken the resolution to devote so much of her time to the education of her daughters, as that they should need no other governess; and this resolution, there is reason to believe, she well fulfilled. Her feelings on the prospect of revisiting 'that now desolate place, Stratton,' are touchingly expressed. From London too, she shrinks back as, 'in thought, a place of terror' to her; 'but,' she adds, 'having so many months mourned the substance, I think (by God's assistance) the shadows will not sink me.' After this period, Lady Russell's published letters supply her biographer with the chief materials for the memoir of her character. The Prince and Princess of Orange had, through the medium of Dykevelt, the minister plenipotentiary from the States of Holland, communicated to Lady Russell the lively interest they took in her loss, regarding her lord's death as a great blow to the interests of the Protestant religion. On their accession to the throne, one of the first acts of the government was, the reversal of Lord Russell's attainder; and honours were showered on the two families to which Lady Russell was the most nearly

allied, more than sufficient to elate a person of ordinary mind. It appears, however, from the printed letters, that the publicity and length of the Parliamentary proceedings which were instituted for the purpose of ascertaining the advisers and promoters of the atrocious measures of 1683, were a severe trial to Lady Russell, and served rather to depress her feelings. She herself now became the object of universal respect and consideration. We find Tillotson applying for her sanction of his acceptance of the dignity offered him by King William; and Lady Sunderland, the wife of one who had been a principal minister and adviser of Charles II. at the time of Lord Russell's execution, now soliciting her intercession.

‘Such, indeed, was the deference paid to her opinion, and the the importance attached to her good will, that even the confident mind of the Duchess of Marlborough thought it necessary to assure herself of Lady Russell's approbation, in the critical juncture of advising the Princess Anne to acquiesce in the settlement of the Crown on the Prince of Orange. From Lady Russell we find no intimation of this flattering reference; but the Duchess of Marlborough herself records, that she could not satisfy her own mind till she “had consulted with several persons of undisputed wisdom and integrity, “and particularly with Lady Russell of Southampton House, and “with Dr. Tillotson, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.” Both before and after Tillotson's exaltation and his dignity, we find him giving a detailed account to Lady Russell of the intended preferments in the church, and assuring her of the respect which the King was disposed to pay both to her wishes and those of Lord Bedford, in his nominations to preferment in London.’

There appears to be no other foundation, however, than this circumstance, for Madame de Staël's representation, that Lady Russell was consulted by the ministers of King William, and by Queen Anne herself, on political measures. The author of the present Biographical notice adverts also to another erroneous statement, namely, that Lady Russell wept herself blind. Her ladyship's complaint proved to be a cataract on her left eye, for which she underwent, in 1695, the operation of couching, with success. In 1700, her son succeeded, on the death of his grandfather, to the Dukedom, and was appointed, as soon as he was of age, to the lieutenancies of the three counties of Bedford, Middlesex and Cambridge, which had been held by the former Duke. Her maternal anxieties seemed now to be rewarded to the utmost; but she was destined to have all her sorrows renewed by his sudden removal in the midst of health and the vigour of life. He fell a sacrifice to the small-pox in the thirty-first year of his age. Lady Russell attained the advanced age of eighty-six. Of her last illness and death, no particulars have been preserved. She expired at Southampton House, Sept. 29, 1723. The memoir closes with the following paragraph.

' May the writer of the foregoing pages be allowed to hope, while fast sinking to the grave that must shortly close on an insignificant existence—may she be allowed to hope, *that* existence rescued from the imputation of perfect inutility, by having thus endeavoured to develope, and hold up to the admiration of her countrywomen, so bright an example of female excellence as the character of Lady Russell? a character whose celebrity was purchased by the sacrifice of no feminine virtue, and whose principles, conduct, and sentiments, equally well adapted to every condition of her sex, will in all be found the surest guides to peace, honour, and happiness.'

In the Miscellaneous Letters will be found an admirable letter, highly worthy of preservation, addressed by Lady Russell to her son, the Duke of Bedford. It is too long to extract, but we recommend it to the particular notice of the reader. The letter from Mr. Howe to Lady Russell, is interesting as being characteristic of the writer.

Lady Sunderland's letters to Lord Halifax, consist of the political gossip of the day, which the old lady duteously set herself to collect and transmit to her son-in-law. They are entertaining enough, but of little value. Lady Sunderland was the Saccharissa of Waller; and she thus unceremoniously introduces the Poet's name: 'Mrs. Middleton and I have lost *Old Waller*; he is gone away frightened.' 'My Lord Russell' is once referred to, in the slang language of the court party, as one of Lord Shaftesbury's 'blind followers.' 'Mutineers' is the term generally bestowed on the Country Party in these letters. Lord Sunderland, her son, is spoken of, and commended, as having advised the issuing of an order of council to the Judges, in 1680, to convict all Papists strictly charged, and not to prosecute other Dissenters from the Church of England; an order, however, which the Judges knew better than to obey. In a subsequent letter, she says: 'He (Lord Sunderland) told me 'he had heard Judge Westön had not performed the orders he 'had to make a distinction between the Papists and the Fanatics.' The events of that period shew how little the King was disposed to sanction any measures for the relief of the Non-conformists. The Editor has been indefatigable in supplying illustrative notes.

Art. V. *The Family Mansion*. A Tale. By Mrs. Taylor, of Ongar, Author of *Maternal Solicitude*, *Practical Hints*, &c. 12mo. pp. 206. London, 1819.

MRS. TAYLOR, in her first publication, let her readers into the secret, that she was then commencing her career of authorship at the age of fifty-six,—a career, as it has proved, of flattering success, and certainly, one of more than ordinary usefulness. Although that is six years ago, we are too polite to

style her even now, an old woman : her mind, at all events, has not passed its prime. But we may be permitted to remark, that a literary effort of the present description is not very common at the period of life at which the Author has arrived. It is not very usual to find the fancy putting forth fresh shoots at what used to be termed the grand climacteric ; or the mind, if its vigour be unabated, exerting itself in a new direction. Mrs. Taylor's preceding publications have been of that simply didactic kind which requires but the exercise of a sound judgement, guided by correct principles, and the prophetic light of sage experience, to make them an efficient means of instruction ; but to compose a good tale, is a more costly effort of the faculties, a literary adventure far more perilous. It is pleasing to remark, that the success which has attended Mrs. Taylor's former works, so far from tempting her to relax in the pains bestowed upon her productions, as if an inferior article might now be made to pass current under favour of her name, has had the effect of a stimulus ; has encouraged her to try her powers in a work of imagination, composed, evidently, with great care, but conceived with spirit, and executed with a graphical skill that exceeds any display of talent in the Author's previous literary productions. If we had had the least reason for suspecting that the opinion we have on former occasions expressed, was too partial or too complimentary—for we will own that, towards persons who come before the public in the character which belongs to Mrs. Taylor as an author, we are susceptible of such a bias,—the present work would have satisfied us, and we think it will satisfy our readers, that we have not over-estimated her literary pretensions. Her motives, it would be impossible to estimate too highly.

We are not told whether the *Family Mansion*, is a fiction or no fiction ; but whether the story be real or not, it is all true,—true in the most important sense ; it has the truth of painting, and the truth of sentiment. Mr. Parkhurst, an opulent merchant, a man of piety and domestic habits, has married—a handsome wife. Nay, Mrs. Edward Parkhurst was more than handsome : she was accomplished, sweet-tempered, and passed for intelligent. But she had one fault ; she had no feeling—except for herself, and consequently, no character. To delineate a form without outline, is a difficult task ; but in delineating the heroine of the tale, Mrs. Taylor has effected this task, as we think, to admiration. She has shewn how much positive unhappiness may spring from the mere negation of virtue ; how adequate a cause is mere selfishness, of the ruin of domestic peace ; how much friction may be produced by a smooth surface, and how melancholy a thing is a heartless smile. The incidents of the tale are purely domestic, and would scarcely

interest the reader in the detail. Mr. Parkhurst too late perceives the error of his choice, yet without the strength of mind requisite to remedy it: he sees his plans thwarted, his affairs involved in embarrassment, his parental hopes blasted; and dies a victim to anxiety. Caroline, his only daughter, who has eloped with an adventurer, finds herself the wife of a domestic tyrant, whose temper is soured by his disappointment in respect to her fortune. The character of Bateman will be recognised in too many living originals. After some years of salutary suffering, Mrs. Bateman becomes a widow, and, reduced to the necessity of maintaining herself and her orphan children by her own exertions, she undertakes a school. The Family Mansion, the scene of her early years, becomes once more her residence, and that of her mother, the still good-humoured and smiling relict of 'poor Mr. Parkhurst.' But here, the unfeeling heart which had so long been impregnable to affliction, is at length made sensible of a pang; the sluices of feeling are opened, and the love of this world is expelled by new and vivid views of another. A moral revolution takes place in the character of the now aged Mrs. Parkhurst, which forms the consummation of the tale.

It is in the delineation of the characters that the merit of the work consists; and we think it has, in this respect, great merit. The characters are not conveyed to the reader by means of a formal analysis, but pass before him in the shape of living actors. That of the elder Mrs. Parkhurst, the mother of Mr. Edward Parkhurst, is an admirable portrait of the aged and matured Christian. But we must introduce our readers to her daughter-in-law.

'The inauspicious gloom which had begun to pervade the mind of Mr. Parkhurst, was nearly dispelled by the prospect of his becoming a parent. He anticipated the new relation in which he hoped shortly to stand, with the emotions of a man possessing a heart as affectionate as ever glowed in a human bosom; and he never harboured a doubt but that emotions, if possible still more tender, would be excited in that of his still loved Caroline. This was the circumstance, he thought, which must infallibly give a turn to her whole conduct and feelings: with rapture he contemplated her in that tender relation; while he anticipated a complete renovation of her taste, in every thing in the Family Mansion, on which he had been forced to look with disapprobation.

'The time arrived, and he embraced a daughter! Her grandmother folded her to her maternal bosom, kissed her velvet cheek, and offered up a fervent prayer and thanksgiving. The old servants pressed around; and while each took her in turn, one declared she was like their deceased master, another said she resembled their mistress, and a third that she was the very model of her papa; but all agreed that she was one of the loveliest babes that ever saw the sun;

and this, perhaps, was nearer the truth than such assertions frequently are. Even Mr Oliver was pleased, felt proud, and claimed a sort of property in the little stranger. And young Mrs. Parkhurst was pleased too—she was pleased to find herself alive, and in such a state of convalescence as promised a speedy return to the world; for even her joyous and sanguine temper had not been able to prevent the possibility of a different result occasionally crossing her mind: and while her situation kept her a prisoner, and precluded some of her accustomed pleasures, there were enjoyments in it which, on the whole, formed a pleasing variety, and for which no one had an acuter relish than herself: besides, she contemplated an excursion, to recruit strength which had never failed, spirits which had never been depressed. And she was pleased with the infant, too, when quiet in the arms of its nurse; but its cries always gave her the head-ach, and it was sure to incommode her if kept in the room too long. When *she* was asked who she thought it resembled, she replied, she thought it was like itself! Mr. Parkhurst observed and felt these things, but still he flattered himself that, as every day would render the infant more interesting, she would not fail by degrees, at least, to excite a mother's feelings. Besides, he candidly attributed much of his wife's apparent insensibility, to the supposed languor of her present circumstances. The fond hope of his dear Caroline's ultimately uniting with him in the tender and endearing task of training their interesting charge to knowledge and to virtue, was too precious to be abandoned by a slight discouragement, or by present appearances, however inauspicious they might seem.

'When all was in readiness for the proposed excursion, the infant was taken so extremely ill, as to render it necessary to postpone their journey, while the agitation and distress of Mr. Parkhurst knew no bounds. On a female friend's endeavouring to console his wife by the prospect of the babe's recovery, her reply was—that she thought, for her own part, she could give her up with a great deal of resignation! It was certainly well for the present feelings of Mr. Parkhurst that he did not hear this confession.

'On her return from the excursion, things went on as usual; former objects maintained their accustomed interest, which was by no means abated by recent circumstances. An uniform good humour, amounting to joyousness, maintained unimpaired that bloom of high health, which had ever overspread her cheek, and given lustre to her eye, and which, at every gaze, still made her fond husband forget for the moment, or at least forgive, what his better judgment disapproved.' pp. 25—29.

'Mrs. Parkhurst was one of those characters who have neither enemies nor friends: with a constitutional dislike to every thing unpleasant or disagreeable, she was never embroiled in the petty feuds which agitated her neighbours; she made the best, and put the most favourable construction upon every thing that was amiss; and she so scrupulously observed all the rules of etiquette, as never to afford the slightest occasion for offence on that score: so that she glided along tranquil and unruffled, and seemed to have acquired the happy art of keeping every vexation and every care at bay, while she looked on

unconcerned at those which annoyed the peace of her neighbours. And yet, amid all this tranquillity, it may be questioned whether there existed a being (with the exception of her husband and Mr. Oliver) who ever felt for her the glow of genuine affection. If this constitutes the happiness of social life, Mrs. Parkhurst was one of the most desolate and forlorn of the human race : but thoroughly satisfied with herself, it is probable the idea of any such deficiency never glanced across her mind ; or if it did, it would not interrupt that felicity which was derived from very different sources.' pp. 29—31.

The character of Miss Vincent, Miss Caroline's governess, is very naturally drawn.

• Miss Vincent, like some other people, had a failing or two : one, not the least prominent, was the pride of intellect, which made her look down with sovereign contempt on all whom she deemed her inferiors in sense or knowledge : another fault, equally conspicuous, was the love of admiration. On the gentlemen, especially, she played off her intellectual artillery with all the skill and address of which she was mistress ; whether from old or young, single or married, her vanity, ever craving and voracious, sought its gratification indiscriminately. Moreover, for some reason or other, she had an insuperable dislike to handsome women ; and as they are frequently vain, they were persons whom she conceived it to be her bounden duty to humble. Some evil-disposed individuals have affirmed, that Miss Vincent was herself a coquette at heart ; but to such slanders we do not listen. Certainly she could not have encountered a character better adapted to the development of her own, than that of Mrs. Parkhurst : elated with her personal charms and long established popularity, and never harbouring a regret respecting her mental deficiencies, she viewed Miss Vincent in the light in which she apprehended every one else must view her, attaching little more importance to her station, and paying her little more respect, than to a superior domestic, indeed much less than to her favourite Alice. These ladies, therefore, soon perfectly understood each other, and indirectly used every means to express their mutual sentiments. Where people live under the same roof, there are choice opportunities for this sort of warfare. They would have made you believe that they were perfectly indifferent respecting each other's opinion ; but nothing could be more apparent than that they were *not* indifferent, but that they did purposely harass and torment each other in no inconsiderable degree. The beautiful, the *happy* Mrs. Parkhurst, and the intelligent Miss Vincent, were, in fact, in a perpetual broil : yes, the beautiful, the happy Mrs. Parkhurst stood in awe of her daughter's governess ! and the intelligent Miss Vincent was mortified to the quick, by the contemptuous airs and neglect of her pupil's mother !

• In the mean time, the unsuspecting Mr. Parkhurst was increasingly interested in the intelligent society of his new companion : there was such reaching down volumes and turning over pages together, such critical disquisitions, in which poor Mrs. Parkhurst could feel no interest and take no part, that, for the first time in her life, she felt her own littleness : her ordinary style of remark was no longer played off,

from the consciousness that it would no longer do, that her antagonist's quick eye would discern its weakness, and that her husband was too much interested in what was no ordinary style of remark to pay any attention to it.

‘ And now the time was come, when Mrs. Parkhurst was quite as much disposed to *take up* her troubles as other people, as much even as her husband had been; and although she was conscious (to use her own mode of expression) that all the fretting in the world could not regain the time she had lost, and cultivate her mind, so as to make her a suitable companion for an intelligent man, and place her on a level with the provoking Miss Vincent; yet she did *fret*, or at least she felt sensations that approached very near to fretting: sensations which proved (what does not want to be proved) that there is some vulnerable point in every one, which, if yet undiscovered, only waits the appropriate attack.

‘ While her husband was utterly unconscious of what was passing in her mind, Miss Vincent saw and feasted on the havock she was making in family peace. Not satisfied with this, she so plied her arts on all the gentlemen visitors, as to monopolize nearly the whole of their attention, leaving Mrs. Parkhurst only such a portion of it as good breeding would claim. She possessed such an agreeable vivacity of manner, such a fund of appropriate and well-selected anecdote, and displayed so much general information and intelligence, that her personal disadvantages were not obtrusive; and as it was her constant study to produce the same effects without beauty that other women do with it, she generally succeeded in making the company forget the plainness of her face.

‘ Mrs. Parkhurst, seeing herself thus receding into the back ground, found one resource in venting her complaints to her confidential maid, who, from her own personal feelings, was thoroughly disposed to fan the flame: she had sagacity enough to discern that the rigid way in which Caroline had been denied any intercourse with her, by Miss Vincent, implied a reflection on her character which she could ill brook, and she determined to use all her influence in ridding the house of so hateful an inmate.

‘ Thus while Mr. Parkhurst was innocently (although, perhaps, imprudently) gratifying his taste in the society of an intelligent woman, (for that was the only light in which he viewed her,) and congratulating himself on the progressive improvement of his daughter, his wife was preparing to add another disappointment to the long list which had already clouded his days, and spread a gloom over his once fair prospects.

‘ Whether Miss Vincent, however well qualified in other respects, was exactly the person calculated to form a young mind to piety and to virtue, as well as to knowledge, is another question, and a question quite distinct from the dissatisfaction of Mrs. Parkhurst, which originated in sources very different from any solicitude for the welfare of her daughter.

‘ Sensible people are sometimes very short sighted, and do very foolish things; this, at least, seemed to be the case with Miss Vincent, when she affected to claim Caroline as her exclusive property,

totally independent of her mother's control. "Miss Vincent says I must not do that," or "I must do this," was often the reply and the excuse for disobedience. It may be questioned whether Mrs. Parkhurst ever felt the relation in which she stood to her daughter so forcibly as at the present juncture: she felt her rights, and with an energy new to her, she determined to enforce them, which she did in a manner so firm and decided, that her husband was almost led to question her identity. She told him in plain terms that she had lost all authority with Caroline, that she did not improve under the tuition of Miss Vincent, that she was altogether dissatisfied with her mode of instruction, that, in short, she wished her to be dismissed, and the child sent to one of the best boarding-schools!

'The astonishment of Mr. Parkhurst at this unexpected demand, could be equalled by nothing but his vexation and chagrin, and he was disposed to make the most determined resistance, while he expected his mother's opinion and feelings to correspond with his own. But mothers and wives are sometimes more quick-sighted than husbands and sons. She had for some time suspected the truth, had anticipated the result, and was often on the point of giving her son a gentle hint on the subject, but hesitated as to the manner of doing it. She now pointed him to a few traits in the character of Miss Vincent which had hitherto escaped his notice, but which were as inimical to family peace, as they were exceptionable in a governess; and other corroborating circumstances darting across his mind, he saw at once the propriety of a separation, while he deeply regretted its necessity, as well as that of sending his child from home, who was now the principal object which rendered it interesting to him.' pp. 55—62.

Our last extract must be taken from the close of the work, where the Author describes the process by which the once blooming, gay, and worldly Mrs. Parkhurst becomes transformed into the chastised and humble Christian.

'But (now) in her two grand-daughters she began to take a degree of interest which was new to her, and became susceptible of feelings towards them to which she had hitherto been a total stranger; while their dutiful attentions seemed to render them essential to her happiness, and even to her existence: they vied with each other in attending to her wants, and in anticipating her wishes, but Sophia, as the elder, naturally took the lead; she read to her grandmamma, she related every thing of an interesting nature that was passing either in or out of the school; she talked to her on religious subjects with a simplicity, and yet with an earnestness, which was calculated to excite attention, and to raise a sort of novel interest in her mind. As this increased, her inordinate love of the world seemed to abate, although by no means in the same proportion; for these favourable symptoms made such gradual progress, as to afford equal ground in the mind of her daughter for hope and for fear.

'About this time a fever broke out in the school, which, however, had but *one* victim; that victim was Sophia! the interesting Sophia! —whose infancy had been eminently marked with sorrow, and whose "dood nî, mamma," as she passed her mother's sick chamber years

before, had left traces in her memory too deep ever to be erased; the little infantile voice was recalled to her fond recollection many a long year after it was silent in the dust. Sophia had been the affectionate and assiduous companion of her grandmother, and had entwined herself around every fibre of her heart—a heart which had hitherto been proof against all the endearing ties that ought to have bound it. It was the pious conversation and exemplary carriage of this interesting child that had been the means, in some degree, of rousing her from that lethargy of soul which had equally pervaded her days of prosperity and adversity, and from which no previous circumstance appeared capable of rousing her. Mrs. Parkhurst had once said respecting Sophia's mother, when an infant, that she could part from her with a great deal of resignation! but now a parting-time was come when she was called to practise that Christian virtue in earnest, she now really suffered and watched, with an anxiety new to her, the variations of the disease.

‘The conflict was protracted and severe: it seemed when death at last snatched away the darling object of her heart, as if he had laid it open to her view, and exhibited it bleeding and mangled as it was with all its hidden vices and secret propensities: now the sluices were opened, and the torrents gushed forth which had been so long blocked up by selfish indulgences and an inordinate love of the world. It is not by a gentle process that such spirits are usually subdued, not by the still small voice of the gospel of grace; but by the whirlwind and by the tempest: the furnace of affliction must be made seven times hotter for them than for others, ere it can “purge away all their dross, and take away all their tin.”

The day before Sophia died, she fixed her eyes stedfastly on her grandmother while she sat watching by her bed-side, and then said, “Grandmamma, how old are you?”

“How old am I, my love!” said she, “why do you wish to know that?”

“Because,” said she, “when I was reading the Bible the other day, I was struck with that passage which says, “The days of our years are threescore years and ten;” and I cried to think what a little while you must have to live. Ah! I did not then know that I should die first; but soon, very soon you must come and lie down by me in the cold grave. Ah! my dear grandmamma, I hope the remainder of your time will be taken up in thinking about another world: one thing is needful; and those who lie dying, as I am, will be sure to think so, whatever they have thought before. Oh, what should I do now, if I had not thought of death, nor come to Jesus when I was well?”

“*The days of our years are threescore years and ten!*” This sentence, with its striking inference, issuing from the lips of her dying child, sunk deep into her heart: the thought of her advancing age she had heretofore endeavoured to force from her, and whenever her glass reminded her of it, she invariably turned away; but now this emphatic warning seemed like the striking of a clock, admonishing the traveller to prepare for his journey, who had delayed till the sun was sinking in the horizon. Yes—I have but a little while to live,

said she, and yet what a great deal I have to do! Oh that, like my dear Sophia, I had devoted my youthful days to God; then I could have felt tranquil at the approach of old age and death, like my dear mother Parkhurst—she whose graces and whose virtues I wanted the virtue and the grace to appreciate. Can “my death ever be the death of the righteous? can my latter end be like theirs?”

Such were the exercises of her mind for a long and dreary season; but at length, even in this hitherto unfavourable soil, the peaceable fruits of righteousness began to spring up; affliction had watered it, and it appeared that God had indeed given the increase. Now it was that *she* could afford consolation to her afflicted daughter—consolation very different from that which she had been accustomed to administer on former occasions; it came from an aching heart, and could, therefore, reach one: her language was no longer that of unmeaning common-place, or a string of texts kept in readiness for the occasion; but it bore all the characteristic marks of genuine submission and Christian fortitude.

Art. VI. *A Vocabulary, or Collection of Words and Phrases which have been supposed to be peculiar to the United States of America. To which is prefixed an Essay on the Present State of the English Language in the United States. Originally published in the Memoirs of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences; and now republished with Corrections and Additions. By John Pickering. 8vo. Boston, 1816.*

THERE will inevitably subsist a difference more or less broadly marked, between the written language of a country as exhibited in its standard literature, and the idiomatic phraseology in current use. This difference, so long as the number of writers is comparatively small, will be sufficiently palpable; and the purity of the language will stand in little danger of being corrupted by a too free admixture of unauthorized phrases, unless it be by such as are adopted, in mere pedantry, from the learned languages. In the mean time, every province will have its dialect, every city its peculiar vulgarisms, and every science, or mystery, or profession, its technical jargon. The progress of civilization will, as its first effect, blend down these varieties of the national dialect into the general conversational medium. Technical, provincial, and exotic phrases will soon come to form no small part of the Vocabulary from which, without scruple, individuals of all classes shall help themselves to convenient modes of expression in familiar speech; while as yet they are disowned by the lexicographer, and the line of demarcation between the written and the unwritten language, is still respected by all who venture upon authorship. But as readers, and consequently writers, multiply, and knowledge of all kinds becomes more generally diffused, a nearer approach is insensibly made by authors in general, to the forms of common speech; a more popular style is affected, as best adapted to the majority of readers,

at the same time that the classic models of the language become less generally studied; and a democratic insubordination spreads through the republic of letters, which, were it not for the salutary authority of us Reviewers, would speedily terminate in a total disregard of the constituted lexicographical authorities, in the degradation of the literary aristocracy, and, in short, in a kind of literary anarchy.

Whoever will be at the pains of calculating the immense number of words which have obtained letters of naturalization, in our own literature, since the days of Dr. Samuel Johnson, taking Mr. John Walker's Dictionary as the present standard of received terms, or simply reckoning the additions made to the work of the great Lexicographer by Mr. Todd,—will be convinced that it is time some stand was made against an indefinite increase of our literary currency by fresh issues upon the doubtful credit of private authorities. It is not in the United States only, that the English language is threatened with 'a torrent of barbarous phraseology.' Some of the most eloquent writers of the present day in our own country, are chargeable with a remarkable disregard of accuracy; and the dashing, declamatory style which has been so extensively adopted, has any thing to recommend it, rather than idiomatic purity, or classical elegance. Few indeed, we apprehend, are the modern writers who follow Dr. Johnson's advice, to 'give their days and nights to the volumes of Addison.' What is worse, we doubt whether Addison himself would now, as an anonymous writer, command either the attention of the public, or the admiration of the critic. There is perhaps not a little affectation in the high and unqualified praise which has been bestowed upon Addison's style, by some writers who have departed widely enough from their professed model; but assuredly, it is most refreshing, after being nauseated with the highly seasoned compositions of modern paragraph-makers, to recur to the pure English, the calm and unaffected style of the Spectator.

Mr. Pickering adverts to the determination expressed by Mr. Fox, to 'admit no word into his History for which he had not the authority of Dryden.' 'This determination,' he remarks,

'may perhaps seem at first view, to have been dictated by too fastidious a taste, or an undue partiality for a favourite author; but unquestionably, a rule of this sort, adopted in the course of our education, and extended to a few of the best authors, would be the most effectual method of acquiring a good English style. And surely, if Fox found no necessity for any other words than Dryden had used, those writers have little excuse, who take the liberty, not only of using all the words they can find in the whole body of English authors, ancient and modern, but also of making new terms of their own at

pleasure. Who shall have a right to complain of scarcity, where that distinguished orator found abundance ?

The fact is, that the invention of new words, or of new modifications of old ones, is in general the resource of persons who are unacquainted with the genuine powers of their own language. Solitary thinkers are peculiarly apt to frame to themselves an arbitrary dialect, and to connect with particular phrases a train of indistinct ideas, which, perhaps, if translated into familiar language, would lose all their supposed originality. Except in the case of some real addition to our knowledge, it can never be necessary to innovate upon the standard phraseology which constitutes the vehicle of thought ; and all unnecessary innovations, so far from enriching a language, only render it less adapted to the purposes of philosophy, by taking away from its precision as much as from its purity. Writers are sometimes tempted to innovate, from mere indolence of mind : it would cost them some patient circumlocution, or perhaps, a recasting of the thought, to accommodate their meaning to the established laws of expression ; and to avoid this trouble, they have recourse to forcible means, pressing words of all kinds into an illegal service, making the parts of speech change places, and giving the chief posts to a set of italic foreigners. But no words, as a correspondent of our Author's justly remarks, 'are more frequently invented and admitted, though sometimes only for the moment, than *burning, glowing* words.' These, however, often derive their whole effect from being apparently struck off in the heat of the moment,—from what has been ludicrously termed their *unexpectedness* : they would fail to answer the writer's purpose a second time, and therefore, how allowable soever, as an occasional rhetorical stratagem, as they add nothing to the real powers of the language, are unworthy of any writer who makes pretensions to a good English style.

We do not mean to deny, that many very acceptable additions have been made, within a comparatively short period, to the resources of our language. The extension of physical discovery has rendered the invention of a new nomenclature absolutely necessary ; and the familiar and metaphorical use of scientific, technical, and exotic terms, has been gaining ground as a natural consequence of the more general diffusion of knowledge. Our neighbours, the French, have been going on quite as fast in the invention and naturalization of new terms and phrases. English words have, of necessity, been transplanted, together with English ideas, into the national dialect, and the French begin to talk of being *comfortable*. For some of our newly coined expressions, it appears that we must condescend to own ourselves indebted to our Transatlantic brethren. Of this description are, 'organize,' 'influential,' 'subserve,' and others which have been

for some time finding their way into usage. Some of our readers will possibly be able to recollect how the term *unwell*, when first brought up, was ridiculed as a *Yankee-ism*; yet it is now in general use. The word *poorly*, in the sense of indisposed, is *not* an Americanism; being, as Ash remarks, a well-known colloquial word. Many of the words in current use in America, are either antiquated words carried over by the first settlers from this country, or provincialisms, still familiar in certain parts of England, or of Scotland, which have more recently emigrated. Others, such as *demoralize*, *derange*, *constituted authorities*, &c. have been adopted by our own writers, in common with the Americans, from the French. But a very considerable number of the terms in Mr. Pickering's Vocabulary, are, among us, simple vulgarisms. For the admission of these, the Compiler assigns as a sufficient reason, that he 'was not making a dictionary of the language, but a glossary of provincialisms, and 'that many words should be admitted into such a work, (as they 'are in fact by the English glossarists,) which would be rejected 'from a dictionary.' His object in undertaking the Collection, which is the result of much patient labour, has been, to promote a restoration of the language to the purity of the English standard, by 'setting a discountenancing mark' upon such unauthorized words and phrases as are not rendered indispensably necessary by the peculiar circumstances of the country. This plan, Dr. Franklin, it seems, long ago recommended to his countrymen; and since his time, it has become still more necessary. 'It has long been the wish of our scholars,' Mr. Pickering says, 'to see a work of this kind.' He adds,

'By knowing exactly what peculiar words are in use with us, we should, among other advantages, have it in our power to expose the calumnies of some prejudiced and ignorant writers, who have frequently laid to the charge of our countrymen *in general*, the affected words and phrases of a few conceited *individuals*;—words and phrases which are justly the subject of as much ridicule in America as they are in Great Britain.

'Many words will be found in the collection, which are not, in fact, of American origin, or peculiar to Americans; but it appeared to me that it would be useful to insert all words, the legitimacy of which had been questioned, in order that their claim to a place in the language might be discussed and settled. Several of the words have been obtained from British Reviews of American publications; and I may here remark, how much it is to be regretted, that the Reviewers have not pointed out *all* the instances which have come under their notice, of our deviations from the English standard. This would have been doing an essential service to our literature, and have been the most effectual means of accomplishing what those scholars appear to have so much at heart—the preservation of the English language in its purity, wherever it is spoken.'

The most objectionable innovations noticed in the present Vocabulary, are those which appear to have originated in a mistaken use of a familiar word: the continued use of such terms, is only the perpetuation of a blunder. Of this kind are 'To convene,' in the sense of to be convenient to; 'To conduct,' as a verb neuter; 'To improve,' in the sense of to occupy; 'To revolt,' used as an active verb; 'To realize,' for to substantiate, or, to ascertain; 'Popular,' for populous; 'Honorary,' for honourable; 'To lay,' for to lie; 'Brief,' for rife; 'Applicant,' in the sense of a diligent student; 'To appreciate,' as a verb neuter, for to rise in value; &c. &c. One of the most curious Americanisms, perhaps, in the volume, curious as being highly characteristic of the nation, is the following:

'BALANCE.—This mercantile word is much used by the people of the *Southern States* in conversation, as a general term signifying the remainder of any thing. *Ex.* I spent a part of the evening at a friend's house, and the *balance* at home: A quarter part of the army were killed, and the *balance* taken prisoners, &c. The word is also often used in the debates of Congress, as I am informed (but only by the *Southern* members), in the following manner: A member moves, that the first section of a bill should be amended, and the *balance* of the bill struck out.'

Our readers will probably be pleased to receive the following account of the etymological derivation of the strange word, *caucus*, which has been introduced in some recent publications.

'CAUCUS.—This noun is used throughout the United States, as a *cant* term for those meetings which are held by the different political parties, for the purpose of agreeing upon candidates for office, or concerting any measure, which they intend to carry at the subsequent public or town-meetings. The earliest account I have seen of this extraordinary word, is the following, from *Gordon's History of the American Revolution*, published at London in the year 1788.

"The word *caucus* (says the Author) and its derivative *caucusing*, are often used in *Boston*. The last answers much to what we style parliamenteering or electioneering. All my repeated applications to different gentlemen have not furnished me with a satisfactory account of *caucus*. It seems to mean a number of persons, whether more or less, met together to consult upon adopting and prosecuting some scheme of policy for carrying a favourite point. The word is not of a novel invention. More than fifty years ago, Mr. Samuel Adams's father and twenty others, one or two from the north end of the town, where all the ship-business is carried on, used to meet, make a *Caucus*, and lay their plan for introducing certain persons into places of trust and power. When they had settled it, they separated, and used each their particular influence within his own circle. He and his friends would furnish themselves with ballots, including the names of the parties fixed upon, which they distributed on the days of election. By acting in concert, together with a careful and extensive distribution of ballots, they generally carried the elections to their own

mind. In like manner, it was, that Mr. Samuel Adams first became a representative for Boston." *Gordon's Hist.* vol. i. p. 240, note.

'An English traveller, (Mr. Kendall) who has taken notice of many American words, seems to think that this "*felicitous term*" (as he ironically calls it) is applied only to party meetings, or consultations, of the *members of the legislature* in the different states; but this is not the case. All meetings of parties, for the purpose of concerting any measures, are called by this name.

'From the above remarks of Dr. Gordon, it should seem that these meetings were first held in a part of Boston where "all the *ship-business* was carried on;" and I had therefore thought it not improbable that *Caucus* might be a corruption of *Caulkers*, the word meetings being understood. I was afterwards informed by a friend in *Salem*, that the late Judge Oliver often mentioned this as the origin of the word; and upon further inquiry I find other gentlemen have heard the same in *Boston*, where the word was first used. I think I have sometimes heard the expression, a *caucus meeting* [i. e. *caulkers' meeting*]. It need hardly be remarked, that this *cant* word and its derivatives are never used in good writing.' pp. 55—57.

'Declension,' in reference to the act of declining, is wholly unauthorized; but we speak of a person's declension from the path of virtue. 'Delinquency,' in the sense in which it is used in America, would not 'pass' here, even 'in conversation: 'e. g. 'the *delinquency* of the United States to prepare,' &c. 'Des-titution' is a good word, and, on account of the equivocal import of the term, want, deserves to be brought into more frequent use: *deficiency* does not express the same idea. 'Dominant,' adopted by Mr. Todd on the authority of Milton, is, we think, getting into general use. 'Educational,' is a convenient word: e. g. educational prejudices. 'Eulogium,' for eulogy, is neither English nor Latin, and deserves to be exploded from all dictionaries: the use of it has probably arisen from the similar termination of the word *encomium*. No authority can reconcile us to so palpable an incorrectness. 'Exchangeable' is to be found repeatedly occurring in modern works upon Political Economy. 'Fiducial' is still occasionally used by theologians. 'Governmental' is an execrable barbarism. Nor are we in any *degree* reconciled to the word, *grade*, which is creeping into use among us by means of italics: it is at present used half in burlesque, but, if care be not taken, it will, before long, find its way into serious composition. 'I guess,' is a colloquialism not confined to America, but it is so favourite a term there, that the people 'guess as how' about every thing. There is no danger of this vulgarism becoming an authorized mode of expression even among transatlantic writers. Of all the uncouth and fantastic novelties in Mr. Pickering's collection, no one, perhaps, will strike our English readers as more ridiculous than 'Happifying'—making happy.

Yet, this is sometimes heard from American pulpits, and is said to have occurred in some printed sermons. It was noticed long ago by Dr. Witherspoon. 'Improvement,' as a theological term, will be found in every Section of Dr. Doddridge's *Expositor*. 'Liability' will probably, on account of its being a common law term, establish itself in general usage. The corrupt use of 'Obnoxious,' in the sense of noxious, or offensive, is common to American and English writers, and we fear that this impropriety has rooted itself too deeply in modern literature, to be got rid of. Ash gives this sense of the word as a colloquialism in his day. Mr. Pickering cites Burke and the *Quarterly Review* as authorities for the American use of it; but certainly, *liable* or *subject to*, is its proper import, and in any other sense it is superfluous. When once a term has become so equivocal, a good writer will avoid it altogether. 'Profanity,' for profaneness, would seem to be a Scotticism: it is to be found in no good author, although it is a common colloquial inaccuracy. 'Remove,'—*e. g.* 'Such a procedure is scarcely a remove short of pious fraud,'—is not an *American* vulgarism: the above sentence is cited by Mr. Pickering from Porson's *Letters to Travis*. It is, however, an affected expression; and 'an infinite remove,' (an expression used by Dr. Mason,) is an infinite absurdity, for the only use of the word is, to express a short distance. 'Result,' and 'To Result,' in the technical sense peculiar to American ecclesiastics, deserve to be exploded. 'Scanty' is good colloquial English. 'Serious,' in the 'cant' 'acceptation' of religious, is very common, we believe, both in England and Scotland: we wish we could get rid of it, for it is both an unmeaning and an offensive phrase.

The following words—clever, curious, decent, grand, handsome, mighty, and ugly, have among the vulgar in this country, as well as in the United States, a cant acceptation in which they are destitute of any settled meaning. But *clever*, as implying goodness of disposition without any reference to capacity in the individual, and *awful*, as applied to any thing surprising or disagreeable, *e. g.* an awful medicine, or an awful-looking woman with an awful nose,—are genuine New England barbarisms. *Musical*, in the sense of humorous, is another most unaccountable variation. As for beaker, docility, gumption, gawky, muggy, slosh, tidy, and the verbs, to roil, to slam to (a door), to squiggle (like an eel), to swop, or to make a swop (or exchange), to whop, and to wilt, (or wither) they all belong to the *unwritten* language of our own country, and claim a place in the National Glossary.

It is not from such words as these, nor from vulgarisms of any kind, that the purity of the English language is in any danger in this country; but from affected innovations both of construction and of phraseology, and from the habit of careless composi-

tion in writers of popular talents, who trust entirely to their rapid eloquence for success in making their readers blind to their faults and converts to their opinions. Were we to fix on the work which has contributed more than any other, or than every other, to vitiate the taste of English writers, to introduce a loose and declamatory style, and to corrupt the purity of the language, we should name the *Edinburgh Review*. From no contemporary Journal, would it be more easy to select specimens of almost every species of inaccuracy. A collection of unauthorized words and phrases to be found in the pages of respectable English writers of the present day, on the plan of Mr. Pickering's *Vocabulary*, would be a very acceptable service rendered to our literature. For our own parts, finding ourselves cited as an authority for the use of words on the other side of the Atlantic, we shall be more on our guard than ever, against all illicit tampering with the King's English.

Art. VII. *An Account of the Principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia*: including various Political Observations relating to them. By William Wilkinson, Esq. late British Consul to the above-mentioned Principality. 8vo. pp. 294. London, 1820.

THE idea of settling the affairs of nations by a committee of sovereigns and ministers, was certainly an admirable one; and if it might but supersede the old mode of transacting territorial bargains and other imperial business by means of fire and sword, it would be a very considerable saving both of time and of expenditure. The Congress of Vienna, it must be admitted, despatched more business in a short time, than has often been accomplished by a seven years of hard fighting. It was really surprising with what ease and alacrity a proposal for shifting the boundaries of a kingdom, or transferring some few hundred thousands of population from one liege sovereign to another, was moved, seconded, and resolved unanimously. It will hardly be charged upon that august assemblage, that they accomplished too little; and yet, it is a pity that, while the map of Europe was before them, they did not take into consideration some of the waste lands which would seem to have warranted their passing a bill of enclosure. For instance: 'When,' says the present Author, 'we reflect upon the deplorable condition of Wallachia and Moldavia, examine the causes of their evils, and cast an eye upon the numerous gifts with which nature has enriched them, it is hardly possible not to regret that the question of a change in their political fate, was not proposed and resolved at the late congress of Vienna.' We do not profess to understand these high matters; but according to Mr. Wilkinson's representation, the magnitude

and importance of the object gave it claims to the attention of 'Christian Europe,' at least equal to those of the question relating to the Ionian Islands, 'to which the Turks had no smaller pretensions, though neither more nor less valid.' And possibly, the securing of the independence of these Principalities, would have been as beneficent an achievement as the cession of Parga. Were the consideration of much importance, it might be added, that the representatives of the ancient Dacians would themselves have had no objection to an arrangement which should have delivered them from the patronage of the Conqueror of the World. Whenever either the Russian or the Austrian armies have entered their territory in the wars against Turkey, the natives, Mr. W. asserts, have uniformly joined the invader.—The following anecdote, if it may be implicitly relied upon, speaks pretty intelligibly on this point.

'At the beginning of the war in 1806, Bukorest (the capital of Wallachia) was garrisoned by about 10,000 Turks, who declared themselves determined to make a desperate stand against the Russians, and to burn the city, if they should finally see the impossibility of preventing them from taking possession of it. Some inhabitants gave information of this plan to the Russian commander in chief Michaelson, who immediately despatched to Bukorest, a corps of 6,000 men, under the command of General Miloradovith, which, by forced marches, arrived suddenly before that city, and three days previous to the time they were expected by the Turks. These latter were seized with consternation; all the inhabitants rose against them, and some armed with sticks, others with bricks, tongs, pokers, daggers, swords, and with every thing, in short, that came within their reach, they fell upon the poor Ottomans without mercy, and cleared the town of them as the Russians were entering it. More than 1500 Turks were left dead in the streets.'

Mr. Wilkinson assigns other and weighty reasons for the measure which he in preference recommends, namely, the partition of the two principalities between Austria and Russia. The consideration which would have been likely to have the greatest weight at Vienna, is this, that Russia will inevitably one of these days help herself to both, and by this means extend her whole frontier on the side of Turkey to the Danube. Our Author affirms, indeed, that in so doing she will only be performing an act which 'common humanity dictates to any Christian power.' And then, when the Russians are once 'entirely masters of the border of that river, the road to Constantinople is open to them, and the political existence of the Turkish empire is left to depend on the will and pleasure of the Russian emperor.' If this be the case, we may hope that the Sublime Government will not long continue to insult over the ruins of fallen Greece.

The countries now known under the names of Wallachia and

Moldavia, have been, from the earliest historic periods, doomed to be the theatre of the bloody games of conquerors. The Romans, the Goths, the Hunns, the Gepidæ, the White Hunns, the Franks and Bulgarians, and subsequently, various Scythian hordes of intruders, have been in succession the masters and despoilers of these and the neighbouring provinces. Under the Tartars, the last of these barbarian invaders, in the eleventh century, the work of devastation terminated in the expulsion of all the natives, and in the withdrawal of the intruders after having reduced the country to a complete desert. It remained in this state till the year 1241, when the inhabitants of Fagarash and Maramosh, two colonies formed by the original refugees on the other side of the Carpathian mountains, came, in two separate detachments, at nearly the same period, and took possession of Upper Wallachia and Moldavia. Raddo Negro (Rodolphus the Black) the chief of those who entered Wallachia, halted, with his followers, at the foot of the mountains, where he laid the foundations of a city named Kimpolung, the walls of which still shew its original extent. His successors transferred their residence to Tirgovist, which is most delightfully situated in the plains; but this city, Constantine Bessarrabba abandoned in 1698, for Bukorest, the present capital. Raddo, and the Moldavian chief, Bogdan, both assumed the Slavonic title of Voïvode, (commanding prince,) acknowledging the supremacy of Hungary; but ever since 1391, when the Wallachians sustained a signal defeat from the Turks under Sultan Bajazet, the country has been, with the exception of short intervals, tributary to the Porte. Mr. Wilkinson gives the following as the substance of the treaty entered into between the Turks under Sultan Mahomet II. and the Wallachians in 1460, which still forms the basis of its constitution, although the formality of electing the Voïvode has long been dispensed with.

‘ 1. “ The Sultan consents and engages for himself and his successors, to give protection to Wallachia, and to defend it against all enemies, assuming nothing more than a supremacy over the sovereignty of that principality, the Voïvodes of which shall be bound to pay to the Sublime Porte an annual tribute of ten thousand piasters.”

‘ 2. “ The Sublime Porte shall never interfere in the local administration of the said principality, nor shall any Turk be ever permitted to come into Wallachia without an ostensible reason.”

‘ 3. “ Every year an officer of the Porte shall come to Wallachia to receive the tribute, and on his return shall be accompanied by an officer of the Voïvode as far as Giurgevo on the Danube, where the money shall be counted over again, a second receipt given for it, and when it has been carried in safety to the other side of that river, Wallachia shall no longer be responsible for any accident that may befall it.”

‘ 4. “ The Voïvodes shall continue to be elected by the archbishop, metropolitan, bishops, and boyars, and the election shall be acknowledged by the Porte.”

‘ 5. “ The Wallachian nation shall continue to enjoy the free exercise of their own laws; and the Voïvodes shall have the right of life and death over their own subjects, as well as that of making war and peace, without having to account for any such proceedings to the Sublime Porte.”

‘ 6. “ All Christians who, having once embraced the Mahometan faith, should come into Wallachia and resume the Christian religion, shall not be claimed by any Ottoman authorities.”

‘ 7. “ Wallachian subjects who may have occasion to go into any part of the Ottoman dominions, shall not be there called upon for the *haratsh* or capitation tax paid by other *Rayahs*.”

‘ 8. “ If any Turk have a law-suit in Wallachia with a subject of the country, his cause shall be heard and decided by the Wallachian divan, conformably to the local laws.”

‘ 9. “ All Turkish merchants coming to buy and sell goods in the principality, shall, on their arrival, have to give notice to the local authorities of the time necessary for their stay, and shall depart when that time is expired.”

‘ 10. “ No Turk is authorised to take away one or more servants of either sex, natives of Wallachia; and no Turkish mosque shall ever exist on any part of the Wallachian territory.”

‘ 11. “ The Sublime Porte promises never to grant a Ferman at the request of a Wallachian subject for his affairs in Wallachia, of whatever nature they may be; and never to assume the right of calling to Constantinople, or to any other part of the Turkish dominions, a Wallachian subject on any pretence whatever.”’ pp. 20—22.

Moldavia became tributary to the Sultan in 1536; voluntarily, say Moldavian historians, as a measure of precaution and security. No native prince has been, in either province, appointed to the government since 1714; the policy of the Porte having led to the selection of ‘more suitable tools’ from among the Greeks of Constantinople, whose habits of servile obedience, and consequent degradation of character, render them still fitter instruments of despotism than even a Turkish pasha. The plan of administration, and the outward form of government, are still the same as under the Voïvodes. The prince, or bey, is allowed to hold a court, to confer dignities and titles of nobility, and to keep up a show of sovereign splendour;—‘circumstances,’ says Mr. W. ‘which are most flattering to the vanity of the Greeks, and which have proved useful to the interested views of the Porte.’ His public entry into the capital of his new sovereignty, is attended with a great display of magnificence; and, from the ceremonies observed on the occasion, he assumes the title of God’s anointed. His subjects address him by the title of *εὐχολογῆς*, most high; and his sons are styled *Beij-Zaaday*, prince’s son. All the empty symbols

and appendages of royalty are with safety conferred upon these depositories of the sovereign authority, but they are most strictly forbidden to maintain or to collect troops, under any pretence whatsoever, lest they should acquire that military power which might tempt them to aspire to independence.

‘ In the course of the last century, a variety of Greek princes succeeded to each other in the government of the principalities. One alone, Constantine Márrocordato, appointed in 1735 to Wallachia, devoted himself with zeal to the welfare of his country. Some wise institutions attest the liberality of his views, and a generosity of character which is not to be traced in any of his successors. But he was twice recalled, because he refused to comply with demands of the Ottoman government, which appeared to him incompatible with the duties he owed to the Wallachians. The other princes, less scrupulous, and more careful of their own interests, marked their administration by the most violent acts of extortion, and an invariable system of spoliation. Few of them died a natural death, and the Turkish scymeter was, perhaps, frequently employed with justice among them. In a political point of view, the short reigns of most of these princes offer nothing of sufficient importance or interest to deserve a place in history.’

The executive administration is divided into various regular departments. The divan, composed of twelve members, appointed annually by the prince, is the supreme council. The metropolitan only has in it a permanent seat. All the public officers are appointed annually: the reason assigned for this inconvenient custom, is, that the boyars, or nobles, whose number in Wallachia, amounts to nearly thirty thousand, claim public employment, at least for a time, as a right to which they are each entitled.

‘ The first families, in particular, consider it as their birthright; but as their chief object is gain, they scramble for places with the most indecorous avidity, and never regard their want of capacity for any branch of public service.’

There is nothing, perhaps, very singular in this: a similar propensity has, in former times, discovered itself in the aristocracy of other countries. But to how great perfection must the system of spoliation be carried in a country where the possession of even an inferior office under government for but one year, is so well worth scrambling for! We are not told whether the ‘ livery servants’ of the court are appointed by the year: if not, it should seem that their post is not among the least lucrative stations.

‘ A certain ceremony is practised at court upon all promotions and nominations. It takes place once or twice every month, when the prince, seated on an elevated throne, verbally notifies to the candidate, who is introduced by the first postelnik (the master of the cere-

monies at court) the rank or office to which he raises him. A robe of honour is then placed on his shoulders, and he advances in the most respectful attitude, and kisses the prince's hand. He is then conveyed home in one of the state carriages, or on one of the prince's horses (according to his new rank), and accompanied by a great number of chiohadars or livery servants of the court, *to whom he pays a considerable fee.*

No system was ever better adapted to the purpose of reducing to harmless insignificance of character, the nobility of any country, by extinguishing in their minds every independent feeling, and every elevated sentiment, that might prompt the wish to be free. The boyars of Wallachia accordingly exhibit all the pernicious effects of their social institutions. They are indolent to excess, incapable of mental exertion. Money is the only stimulus of which they are susceptible; and the means they employ to obtain it, 'are not the efforts of industry, nor are they modified by any scruples of conscience.'

'Habit has made them spoliators; and in a country where actions of an ignominious nature are even encouraged, and those of rapacity looked upon as mere proofs of dexterity and cunning, corruption of principles cannot fail to become universal. Their prodigality is equal to their avidity: ostentation governs them in one manner, and avarice in another. They are careless of their private affairs, and, with the exception of a few more prudent than the generality, they leave them in the greatest disorder. Averse to the trouble of conducting their pecuniary concerns, they entrust them to the hands of stewards, who take good care to enrich themselves at their expense, and to their great detriment. Many have more debts than the value of their whole property is sufficient to pay; but their personal credit is not injured by them, neither do they experience one moment's anxiety for such a state of ruin.

'The quality of nobility protects them from the pursuits of the creditor; and the hope of obtaining lucrative employments, by the revenues of which they may be able to mend their affairs, sets their minds at ease, and induces them to continue in extravagance. Some bring forward their ruin as a pretext for soliciting frequent employment, and when the creditors have so often applied to the prince as to oblige him to interfere, they represent that the payment of their debts depends upon his placing them in office. The office is finally obtained, and the debts remain unpaid. When a sequester is laid upon their property, they contrive to prove that it came to them by marriage; and as the law respects dowries, they save it from public sale.' pp. 131—133.

'In the daily occupations and pastimes of the Boyars, little variety takes place. Those who hold no place under government, spend their leisure in absolute idleness, or in visiting each other to kill time. In Wallachia, the management of their estates and other private concerns, which do not relate to public appointment, does not occupy much of their attention, and sometimes the finest of their lands are

left in total neglect, or in the hands of mercenary agents, who enrich themselves with their spoils. They hardly ever visit their country possessions, which some let out for several years, for much less than their real value, when they find customers who are willing to pay the whole amount of rent in advance. They build fine country-houses which they intend never to inhabit, and which, in a few years, fall into ruin. The most delightful spots in their beautiful country have no power to attract them, neither is it at all customary with them to quit the town residence at any season of the year.

'The Boyars in Moldavia, like those in Wallachia, are the great land-proprietors; but they bestow much more of their attention and time to (*on*) the improvement of their estates, which they make their principal source of riches. The revenues of some of the most opulent, from landed property, amount to two or three thousand piastres, and their appointment to public employment is generally unsolicited.' pp. 137, 138.

About two hundred and ten days of the year, Mr. Wilkinson states, are *holidays*; which, so far as relates to the cessation from all kinds of work, are strictly observed. The public offices are allowed, besides, 'a fortnight's vacation at Easter and 'during the hottest days of summer.' These days of idleness, the boyars devote to etiquette visits, to riding about in their crazy, gilded calèches, and to intrigues; the lower classes spend them in the English fashion, 'at the brandy shops,' where prostitutes 'are kept for the purpose of attracting customers.' The degraded state of public morals, is shewn in nothing more remarkably than in the disgraceful frequency of divorce upon the slightest pretences. 'The matrimonial faith,' Mr. W. affirms to have become in consequence 'merely nominal.'

'Parents never marry their daughters, to whatever class they may belong, without allowing them dowries beyond the proportion of their own means, and to the great detriment of their male children, who, finding themselves unprovided for, look upon marriage as the means of securing a fortune, and consequently regard it as a mere matter of pecuniary speculation.

'Sometime back, a Wallachian lady of quality, who had brought but a small fortune to her husband, became desirous of fixing her residence in one of the principal streets of the town, and she pressed him to lay aside his accustomed system of economy, to sell his estate, the revenue of which gave them the principal means of support, and to build a fine house in that street. The husband, more reasonable than herself, positively refused to listen to her extravagant proposal; and the lady, incensed at his upbraiding her for it, quitted his house, and shortly after sued for divorce, which she obtained. This lady, who has since remained single, professed great piety, and is still considered as a very pious woman.

'Not long after, a young Boyar, contrary to custom, fell in love with a very beautiful young woman, of the same rank and age. The parents of both agreed on their union, and the nuptials were cele-

brated by public festivities. This couple was looked upon as the only one in the country whom a strong and mutual attachment had united. At the end of the first year the husband was suddenly attacked by a pulmonary complaint, and induced by the physicians' advice to separate himself for some time from his wife, and go to Vienna in order to consult the best medical men. After eighteen months' absence, finding himself perfectly recovered, he hastened back to Bukorest impatient to see his wife, to whom he had not ceased to write, but whose letters had latterly become much less frequent. On his arrival he found the most unexpected changes in his family affairs. His wife had gone to her parents, refused to see him, and had already consented to marry another! Her father, who was the chief instigator of her sudden resolution, had negotiated the second marriage, because it suited his own interests.

'The legitimate husband claimed his spouse through every possible channel; but he was not listened to, and government declined interfering.

'The sentence of divorce was pronounced by the metropolitan; and although the husband's refusal to sign the act rendered it perfectly illegal, the second marriage took place; the ceremony was performed by the archbishop in person, and public rejoicings were made on the occasion.

'The circumstances of this adventure were the more remarkable, as the second husband had been married before, and divorced his wife after six weeks' cohabitation, when he saw the possibility of obtaining this lady's hand.

'Another lady of the first rank separated her daughter from her husband, with whom she had lived six years, and caused a sentence of divorce to be pronounced. She gave for reason, that her daughter's constitution suffered considerably by frequent pregnancy. The husband, who was by no means inclined to the separation, and who knew his wife to enjoy the best health, made remonstrances to no effect: and he was condemned by government to give back the dowry, and to pay damages to a considerable amount, for having spent a part of it, although he proved to have employed the deficient sum for the use of his wife and family.

'These three instances of the degraded state of morals in these countries are selected from numerous others that occur daily. They are such as to excite astonishment, and appear almost incredible; yet they created no other sensation at the time than other common news of the day, deserving but little notice.' pp. 147—150.

The clergy of Wallachia, are said to exercise a less powerful influence than is possessed by their order in other Greek countries. 'All the ecclesiastical dignitaries being of obscure origin, and mostly of the lowest extraction, they are personally despised by the boyars.'

The peasantry are represented as being physically a fine race of people, apparently quiet and harmless, and certainly patient under the yoke of oppression to an unexampled degree; but as being, in fact, quiet from apathy, and patient from the hopeless-

ness of their servitude: they are exceedingly superstitious, and addicted to drinking.

The population of the two principalities, is estimated by Mr. Wilkinson, at one million of souls in Wallachia, and half that number in Moldavia. Bukorest, the present capital, is stated to contain no fewer than eighty thousand inhabitants, three hundred and sixty-five churches, twenty monasteries, and thirty large caravanserais. The population of the two provinces includes one hundred and fifty thousand gipsies. These unhappy outcasts are kept in a state of regular slavery, being divided into two distinct classes; those who are the property of the Government, and those who belong to private individuals. The former are suffered to stroll about the country, on the conditions of never leaving it, and of paying an annual tribute of the value of forty piastres each man above the age of fifteen. They occupy themselves in making iron tools, baskets, and other wood-work for sale: some are masons, and many of them musicians. The household gipsy slaves perform the service of cooks, and of *wet nurses*; ladies in the higher ranks not being in the habit of nursing their own children: they are, notwithstanding, held in the greatest contempt, and treated with disgusting inhumanity. They speak the language of the country, but have a jargon of their own; whether resembling that spoken by other gipsy tribes in more Western countries, Mr. Wilkinson does not seem to have ascertained.

With respect to the Carpathian mines, Mr. Wilkinson states, that there is strong reason to believe that gold, silver, and quicksilver, as well as iron, copper, sulphur and coals, exist in the mountains in abundance; but the inhabitants are well aware that the discovery of a new source of treasure, would only entail fresh burthens upon the country, and create a fresh attraction to the leaders of the general system of rapacity. The spirit of enterprise can have no existence under such a government. The Author confesses, however, his deficiency of information on this point, and expresses his intention, in the event of his return, to devote as much attention as possible to the subject, and to present the result of his investigation in a separate treatise. The neighbourhood of the Carpathian mountains, is stated to abound with the most magnificent scenery.

Considerable light is thrown by our Author, upon the unfathomable politics of the Sublime Porte; and he gives us the secret history of the vacillating conduct of the Turkish government in 1806. The present Sultan is said to take a much more active part in state affairs than many of his predecessors did. His talents and liberal sentiments would, it is added, 'claim equality with those of any other sovereign, were they not so much restrained by the religious prejudices and stubborn igno-

'rance of his Mahometan subjects.' His attention has been for some years directed to a new organization of his empire. In the Appendix, besides other illustrative documents, there is introduced a very curious treatise, written by order of Selim III. for the purpose of explaining the advantages of the new military system called *Nizam y Gedid*, which the Sultan in vain attempted to establish in the Ottoman armies. It displays considerable acuteness, and is highly interesting, both on account of the information it conveys with regard to the state of the Turkish troops, and as a favourable specimen of Turkish literature. Mr. Wilkinson has furnished altogether a very entertaining volume, which contains much acceptable information. We have noticed a few unimportant inaccuracies; the most glaring occurs in the title-page, where the Author is styled 'late consul to the above mentioned Principality,' and two Principalities are specifically mentioned in the line above. This, however, is a mere oversight: the work is sufficiently well written.

Art. VIII. *Aonian Hours*; and other Poems. By J. H. Wiffen. 8vo. pp. 167. London, 1819.

THE poem which occupies the greater part of this volume, consists of a desultory series of descriptive stanzas, entitled *Aspley Wood*. In the stanza employed, and in the general plan of the poem, the reader will immediately perceive a palpable imitation of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*; and far from shrinking from the comparison, the Writer informs us, that it was his

'intention to consider the present Poem as the first of a series, "the colouring of the scenes through which I pass," as a noble Lord has expanded his first conception into a Poem written in successive parts, but pervaded by the same complexion of features;—the execution or abandonment of this design will be determined by the success or failure of the present attempt.'

It is probable, that Mr. Wiffen is himself aware by this time, that his model has been ill-chosen. The plan, or rather the no plan, of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, and the incongruities which disfigure the first two Cantos, arising from the obvious want of any determinate design in the mind of the Author, constitute the irremediable defect of that poem. The principal part of the interest will be found to arise from a circumstance which gives a sort of unity to the whole, but which in any inferior writer, would excite only disgust: we refer to the half avowed *autobiographical* character of the 'Romaunt;'—in other words, the sullen egotism which pervades it, and in which a man of Lord Byron's distinction and genius only may safely indulge. Another thing is, that the reader follows the Pilgrim through the

scenes he so vividly describes, with the confidence that it is the poetical journal of travels actually performed. Part of the interest attaching to the poet, is conceded to him in the character of a traveller; and desultory as the poem is, there is a sort of regular progress in it, the reader being constantly carried forward from one scene of beauty or of ancient grandeur to another, and the sentiment is thus continually relieved by action. A person, therefore, who should form the design of writing a sentimental and descriptive poem in imitation of *Childe Harold*, without having provided himself with similar materials for throwing life into the landscape, and for giving the air of a narrative to the desultory series of stanzas through which he aspires to lead the not reluctant reader, would require to possess genius even superior to that of the noble poet, and stores of thought more rich with philosophic wisdom and classic lore. He has undertaken a far harder task: he has set himself to make bricks without straw, and to build a tower up to the heavens without cement.

Mr. Wiffen will have no reason to complain of us for not holding him to possess superior talents to those of the noble Lord referred to. But far from blaming his present attempt, we are disposed to augur well of his abilities, though not of his judgement, which does not appear to be as yet matured. To aim high, to imitate what there is no chance of equalling, to attempt a task far above the skill and strength which are brought to it, is the only way to be qualified eventually to achieve what is excellent. We must begin, in every art, by imitating the models which have inspired the passion or the taste for it. Originality of talent, though it cannot be acquired, yet, where it really exists, must be developed by study and imitation. A young writer will do well, however, to avoid attaching himself too closely to any one school, lest he should, through the immaturity of his taste, be led to adopt its characteristic faults of manner, together with its better peculiarities. The manner of no poet, how distinguished soever be his genius, is pleasing at second hand; and it is always dangerous to invite, by too palpable a resemblance of the copy, a disadvantageous comparison.

Mr. Wiffen is evidently a young writer, but he is a promising one. He appears to possess an enthusiastic love of nature, and a cultivated fancy. As he learns to dismiss his memory, his imagination will probably become more vigorous; and his taste will ripen as his mind expands. The instinct of imitation is designed to give way, as the faculties acquire strength; but the whole mind must grow together. We shall not attempt an analysis of the present poem, but shall lay before our readers some of the pleasing passages with which it abounds, so as to enable them to appreciate the merits of the volume.

' A world is at my feet of flowers and fern,
 Cornfield and murmuring pine, vale, villa, heath,
 Aisles through whose sylvan vistas we discern
 All Heaven on high, and fruitfulness beneath.
 Shades of my love and infancy ! bequeath
 A portion of your glory to my lay—
 A Pilgrim of the Woods ; I twine a wreath
 Of wildflowers for thy revel, dancing May !

My theatre the woods—my theme one vernal day.

' Still floats in the grey sky the moving moon,
 A crescent—o'er yon valley of black pines
 Where Night yet stands, a centinel ; but soon
 In the far streaky east the morning shines,
 The Iris of whose bursting glory lines
 With fire the firmament ; distinct and clear,
 'Gainst the white dawn proud Ridgemount high reclines
 His mural diadem :—lo ! from his rear

The breaking mists unfurl, and Day has reached me here.

' Here on a solitary hill I take
 My station—days on years thus hurry by,
 And of the varying present mar or make
 A gloom or bliss in Man's eternity :
 Suns rise—ascend—set—darken—and we die,
 The dewdrops of a morning, in whose glass
 All things look sparkingly :—alas ! where I
 Now stand, in how brief time shall others pass,
 Nor heed, nor see the blade whereon my moisture was.

* * * * *

' The far-extended prospect—the dim spire
 Which bounds the blue horizon—white walls seen
 In glittering distance—wreathing from the fire
 Of pastoral huts ascending smoke—the sheen
 Of hamlets humming in the morn—the green
 And beautiful hue of youth on every flower,
 And herb where Spring's betraying steps have been—
 The bright leaves sparkling in a sunny shower,—
 Music on every bough, and life in every bower.

' The plover's shrilly whistle—the quick call
 Of pheasants in their devious wanderings,
 The heifer lowing from the distant stall,
 Ane sudden flutter of the wild bird's wings,
 Invisible in passing—sunrise—springs
 Whose chrystal gushings momentarily engage
 The babble of an echo—these are things
 Too mean, or far too lovely for a Sage

With whom delight is crime, and solitude a cage.' pp. 12—21.

The following passage has great spirit and beauty.

' Hark to the merry Gossip of the spring,
 The sweet mysterious voice which peoples place

With an Italian beauty, and does bring
As 'twere Elysium from the wilds of space
Where'er her wing inhabits! give it chase,
In other bowers the fairy shouts again;
Where'er we run it mocks our rapid race—
Still the same loose note in a golden chain
Rings through the vocal woods, and fills with joy the plain.

' Hail to thee, shouting Cuckoo! in my youth
Thou wert long time the Ariel of my hope,
The marvel of a summer! it did soothe
To listen to thee on some sunny slope,
Where the high oaks forbade an ampler scope
Than of the blue skies upward—and to sit,
Canopied, in the gladdening horoscope
Which thou, my planet flung—a pleasant fit,
Long time my hours endeared, my kindling fancy smit.

' And thus I love thee still—thy monotone
The self-same transport flashes through my frame,
And when thy voice, sweet Sybil, all is flown
My eager ear, I cannot chuse but blame.
O may the world these feelings never tame!
If age o'er me her silver tresses spread,
I still would call thee by a lover's name,
And deem the spirit of delight unfled,
Nor bear, though grey without, a heart to Nature dead.

' Thus too the Grasshopper is still my friend,
The minute-sound of many a sunny hour
Passed on a thymy hill, when I could send
My soul in search thereof by bank and bower,
Till lured far from it by a foxglove flower
Nodding too dangerously above the crag,
Not to excite the passion and the power
To climb the steep, and down the blossoms drag,
Them the marsh-crocus joined, and yellow water flag.

' Shrill sings the noisy Wassailer in his dome,
Yon grassy wilderness where curls the fern,
And creeps the ivy; with the wish to rove
He spreads his sails, and bright is his sojourn
'Mid chalices with dew in every urn;
All flying things a like delight have found—
Where'er I gaze, and to what new region turn,
Ten thousand insects in the air abound,
Flitting on glancing wings that yield a summer-sound.

' And chief the Fly, upon whose fans are spread
Hues with which summer warms the occident
At the rich sunset, epicure in taste,
Beholds the odorous light, and deems it lent
For amorous pastime, and in truth seems bent
To find or form a paradise below;—

With blooms and herbs of every various scent
 Dallies her tongue—her wings expanded show
 Like ornamented clouds hung round by Iris' bow.

'That pageant past, comes the quick Squirrel forth
 From his high cedar with a burst and bound,
 To sport upon the warm grass of the earth
 Feeding, and wave his graceful brush around,
 And pause—and prick his ears, and at each sound
 List in a breathless attitude, and start
 If far away intruding steps resound :
 With feet already raised to spring, to dart
 On to the nearest pine, but claims a moment's part.

'Anon he cowers upon a branch, and thence
 Looks deeply down on his pursuer's shape,
 And yet alarmed, on his glad eminence
 Stamps wrathfully, then looks a laughing ape,
 Playing his thousand pranks o'er an escape
 Almost too lofty for our eye to reach
 Through the thick gloom, then hies he to the rape
 Of the pine's cones, or to his nest, the pleach
 Of many a wilding bough in the next giant beech.

'Hush ! for the most shy Pheasant leaves the brakes
 To bask her beauteous plumage in the sun,
 Which, as in love with its bright colours, makes
 A hundred brilliant Irises of one.
 Autumn is past : the desolating gun
 Haunts not her dreaming sleep ; she now may tread,
 A Princess, through the halls she wont to shun,
 Silence around, and verdurous domes o'erhead,
 More high exalt her crest, her whirring pinions spread.'

pp. 41—46.

We do not wish to lessen the favourable impression of these extracts by any verbal criticisms. We shall therefore merely add, that the purely descriptive parts of the poem are the best, and that Mr. W. will do well not to venture upon allegorical ground. That 'prying girl, young Curiosa,' is given to mischief, and is not to be intrigued with by a young poet with impunity. As a specimen of the smaller poems, we make room for part of the 'Lines on HOWARD.'

Why, when the souls we loved are fled,
 Plant we their turf with flowers,
 Their blossomed fragrance there to shed
 In sunshine and in showers ?
 Why bid, when these have passed away,
 The laurel flourish o'er their clay,
 In winter's blighting hours,
 To spread a leaf, for ever green,—
 Ray of the life that once hath been.

• It is that we would thence create
 Bright memory of the past;
 And give their imaged form a date
 Eternally to last.
 It is, to hallow—whilst regret
 Is busy with their actions yet—
 The sweetnesses they cast:
 To sanctify upon the earth
 The glory of departed worth.
 • Such and so fair, in Day's decline
 The hues which Nature gives;
 Yet—yet—though suns have ceased to shine,
 Her fair creation lives:
 With loved remembrances to fill
 The mind, and tender grief instil,
 Dim radiance still survives;
 And lovelier seems that lingering light,
 When blended with the shades of night.
 • Else, why when rised stands the Tower,
 The column overthrown,
 And, record of Man's pride or power,
 Crumbles the storying stone;
 Why does she give her Ivy-Vine
 Their ruins livingly to twine,
 If not to grant alone,
 In the soliloquies of man,
 To glory's shade an ample span?
 • Still o'er thy temples and thy shrines,
 Loved Greece! her spirit throws
 Visions where'er the ivy twines,
 Of beauty in repose:
 Though all thy Oracles be dumb,
 Not voiceless shall these piles become,
 Whilst there one wild-flower blows
 To claim a fond—regretful sigh
 For triumphs passed, and times gone by.
 • Still, Egypt, tower thy sepulchres
 Which hearse the thousand bones
 Of those who grasped, in vanished years,
 Thy diadems and thrones!
 Still frowns, by shattering years unrent,
 The Mosque, Mohammed's monument!
 And still Pelides owns,
 By monarchs crowned, by shepherds trod,
 His Cenotaph—a grassy sod!
 • They were the Mighty of the world—
 The demigods of earth;
 Their breath the flag of blood unfurled,
 And gave the battle birth;

They lived to trample on mankind,
 And in their ravage leave behind
 The impress of their worth :
 And wizard rhyme, and hoary song,
 Hallowed their deeds and hymned their wrong.

' But Thou, mild Benefactor—thou,
 To whom on earth were given
 The sympathy for others' woe,
 The charities of heaven ;—
 Pity for grief, a fever-balm
 Life's ills and agonies to calm ;—
 To tell that thou hast striven,
 Thou hast thy records which surpass
 Or storying stone, or sculptured brass !

' They live not in the sepulchre
 In which thy dust is hid,
 Though there were kindlier hands to rear
 Thy simple Pyramid,
 Than Egypt's mightiest could command—
 A duteous tribe, a peasant band
 Who mourned the rites they did—
 Mourned that the cold turf should confine
 A spirit kind and pure as thine.

' They are existent in the clime
 Thy pilgrim-steps have trod,
 Where Justice tracks the feet of Crime,
 And seals his doom with blood ;
 The tower where criminals complain,
 And fettered captives mourn in vain,
 The pestilent Abode
 Are thy memorials in the skies,
 The portals of thy Paradise.

' Thine was an empire o'er distress,
 The triumphs of the mind !
 To burst the bonds of wretchedness,
 The friend of human kind !
 Thy name, through every future age,
 By bard, philanthropist, and sage,
 In glory shall be shrined ;
 Whilst other NIELDS and CLARKSONS show
 That still thy mantle rests below.'

' The nodding hearse, the sable plume,
 Those attributes of pride,
 The artificial grief or gloom
 Are pageants which but hide
 Hearts, from the weight of anguish free ;
 But there were many wept for thee
 Who wept for none beside ;
 And felt, thus left alone below,
 The full desertedness of woe.

' And many mourned that thou should'st lie
 Where Dnieper rolls and raves,
 Glad from barbaric realms to fly
 And blend with Pontic waves;
 A desert bleak—a barren shore,
 Where Mercy never trod before—
 A land whose sons were slaves;
 Crouching, and fettered to the soil
 By feudal chains and thankless toil.
 ' But oft methinks in future years
 To raise exalted thought,
 And soften sternest eyes to tears,
 Shall be thy glorious lot;
 And oft the rugged Muscovite—
 As spring prepares the pious rite,
 Shall tread the holy spot,
 And see her offered roses showered
 Upon the grave of gentle HOWARD!
 ' Those roses on their languid stalk
 Will fade ere fades the day,
 Winter may wither in his walk
 The myrtle and the bay,
 Which, mingled with the laurel's stem,
 Her hands may plant, but not with them
 Shall memory pass away,
 Or pity cease the heart to swell—
 To **THEE** there can be **NO FAREWELL.**' pp. 150—158.

These stanzas are the pledge of better things.

Art. IX. *The History of the ancient Town and Borough of Uxbridge*, containing Copies of interesting public Documents, and a particular Account of all charitable Donations, left for the Benefit of the Poor; with Plates, and an Appendix. By George Redford, A.M. and Thomas Hurry Riches. 8vo. London, 1818.

WE have been a good deal interested by this piece of local history. It is the result of much reading, and of diligent collection; and it is, moreover, written without the slightest tinge of that most intolerable of annoyances, antiquarian affectation. The Authors of this work have evidently possessed the command of a considerable mass of valuable, and not commonly accessible materials, of which they have made ample use, without neglecting the more obvious sources of instruction; and they have communicated their various information, in a clear, compressed, and sensible manner. After a preliminary inquiry into different matters of antiquity connected with the town of Uxbridge, they enter upon its history, to which they have contrived to give no little interest, especially in that portion of it which relates to the unsuccessful negotiation between Charles and the Parliament in 1645. The house in which the Commissioners

met, is still standing, and three clear and well-selected views are devoted to the illustration of its interior and exterior. The description of the present state of Uxbridge is full and distinct, and the chapter on 'ecclesiastical affairs,' contains some curious matter. Great and commendable pains have been taken with the chapter on charitable institutions and donations. Addressing their 'fellow-townsmen' on this subject in the preface, the Authors state,

'That they have been sedulous to put them in possession of all those public documents that appeared of importance to the interests of the town of Uxbridge; and more especially to circulate complete information upon all the public charities and donations. Though, upon this subject, they have been at no inconsiderable pains, they have not, in all instances, succeeded to the extent of their wishes. They have reason to believe that several charities, anciently in the gift of this town, have been entirely lost, through negligence and inattention in preserving documents, and transmitting information. Those copies of original deeds and grants which are furnished in the course of the work, as of public interest, may, however, be fully relied on. Great inaccuracies have been detected even in parliamentary returns; and, in correcting these, the authors have observed the most scrupulous care, and have always referred to the original deeds or wills.' Preface, p. x.

This is a most important subject, and one to which the attention of every man who has the opportunities of inquiry, ought to be directed. We believe that there are in this country few towns of any consideration, without some institution or bequest of this kind; and we suspect that the cases are very rare in which abuses have not taken place. The parliamentary commission now in progress, will, no doubt, effect much in the way of remedy; but much will still remain to be done, and if every qualified individual will contribute, in imitation of Messrs. Redford and Riches, his share of investigation to the general inquiry, we shall entertain a good hope of its satisfactory termination.

A work of this description does not admit of analysis, and any really illustrative extracts must be on a scale too large for our arrangements: we shall content ourselves, therefore, with a general recommendation of this compact and well-arranged volume. The embellishments are judiciously chosen, fairly executed, and sufficient in number: the font in the chapel of St. Margaret is a rich specimen of wood-engraving, and the plate containing Basset's grant, is a skilful *fac-simile* of an ancient deed, with its old-fashioned court-hand, its creased parchment, and its appended seal. The book is well printed, and altogether does credit to the Uxbridge press.

Art. XI. *Traité Théorique et Pratique.* A Theoretical and Practical Treatise on the Knowledge necessary to every Amateur of Pictures, and to all who are desirous of learning to judge, appreciate, and preserve the Productions of the Art of Painting. To which are added, Observations on public and private Collections, and a descriptive Catalogue of the Pictures now in Possession of the Author, François-Xavier de Burtin, 2 vols. 8vo. Bruxelles, 1808.

THESE volumes, recently put into our hands, are somewhat out of date, but we have taken them as the subject of an article, partly on account of some whimsical peculiarities which mark their composition, but chiefly with reference to some general circumstances connected with the purchase and management of pictures. The Author, M. Burtin—with a string of unimportant official additions tacked to his name in the title-page—is, or was, the proprietor of a gallery of paintings, which, if we may trust his own panegyrics, was altogether unrivalled in its selection. He seems, indeed, to have considered each individual picture as a test or standard, by which the merits of all others of the same school and class might be determined; for we find him with the most amusing self-complacency, frequently referring to works of the highest rank and reputation, and completing his eulogy on each by the crowning compliment, that it is second only to some admirable *chef-d'œuvre qui fait partie de ma collection*. He makes, moreover, very high pretensions to admiration as an original discoverer, and a judge of scarcely fallible skill and acumen in matters of art, and he presents a very formidable aspect of defiance to all who may presume to question his decisions. Our estimate of his qualifications unhappily differs considerable from his own; but after deducting from the bulk of these volumes the large alloy of egotism, presumption, common-place declamation, and imperfect science, something will still remain to remain to repay the reader. In fact, the very defects of the work help to make it amusing; and though after we have been laboriously working up some steep climax, we have been frequently provoked on finding nothing at the summit to indemnify us for our pains, yet we have been kept in tolerably good-humour by the simple vanity of M. Burtin, who never fails to congratulate himself upon the skill with which his researches have been conducted, and the success with which they have been invariably crowned. The absurdity of his arrogance and dogmatism, is in no degree lessened by the admission, that 'he had never taken into his hand a brush nor a 'crayon,' which confession he really seems to think an enhancement, rather than an abatement of his pretensions to superiority. It would be an indulgence to our own partialities, to enter at length into the discussion of the question, whether the practice of the art of painting be indispensable, or not, to the entire qua-

lification of a sound theorist. We doubt, however, whether the details and illustrations which such an enquiry must involve, would sufficiently interest the greater portion of our readers to justify us in entering on it. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with indicating two main reasons, which appear to us to determine the point in the affirmative. The first of these lies in the unquestionable fact, that the mere amateur can never trace, nor comprehend, the various processes and reasonings by which the artist is carried forward in his approaches to excellence. The mechanical operations of the painter are multiplied and laborious, and it is by these that he acquires dexterity of hand, and skill in the management of his different materials. But his intellectual exertions are yet more intense and complicated. The formation of his manner, the choice and treatment of his subjects, the acquirement and application of anatomical knowledge, the study of character and passion, the observation of nature in its connexion with the various branches of his profession, are a part, and a part only, of the objects which demand the indefatigable attention and efforts of the artist. But if this knowledge be necessary to him, we are at a loss to know the grounds on which it can be altogether dispensed with in his critic. In common cases, the use of a thing is the criterion of its worth, and of this, all can judge without recurrence to the modes or materials of its production; but the value of a work of art, is to be estimated on different grounds, and is frequently dependent on qualities quite out of the range of general observation, and too closely connected with practical details to be obvious to any perceptions, except those of the man who has made himself experimentally acquainted with the processes of art.

The second circumstance which furnishes an argument against the sufficiency of criticism without previous practice, is to be found in the impossibility, that any but an artist should be fairly acquainted with the difficulties which he has to encounter. The discernment of these, is indispensable to the formation of a sound judgement: not even the slightest painting can be adequately estimated, without a due regard to this point. To us, at least, it seems impossible, that the most extensive acquaintance with pictures should communicate this knowledge. The triumph of art is, to give the appearance of ease to the most intricate and laborious subjects, and nothing short of actual experience can be supposed to furnish the means of forming an accurate judgement respecting that which is one thing in superficial aspect, and another in scientific reality. We admit, that painters are somewhat too liable to be warped by system, and that their preferences are not always impartial and judicious. But this is so far from invalidating the correctness of our view of the question, that it supplies an *a fortiori* argument in its favour; since

if full and practical knowledge fail to guard a man from prejudice and error, what shall preserve from yet wider wanderings, the amateur, who can judge only by mere and imperfect theory, whose estimate can be little more than comparative, and who can never arrive at a decisive conclusion, because his reasonings fail in a most important part of their chain?

M. Burtin started early in his career of connoisseurship, and began by a voracious and indiscriminate collection of every thing within his means of purchase. He very soon found out, however, by the contempt with which they were viewed by more enlightened persons, that his supposed masterpieces were paltry trash, and he started on a new scent. After various and unsuccessful attempts to disengage himself from his uncomfortable consciousness of ignorance, and after struggling a long time with the difficulties and darkness of his path, *lux demum adfulsit*!—he obtained a leisurely inspection of the ‘fine collection’ of the Chevalier Verhulst, and emerged from his obscurity, a virtuoso, ‘all-compact.’ Whatever might have been, at that or at any subsequent period, the amount of his acquisitions, he seems to have kept his object steadily in view, to have neglected no opportunity of visiting celebrated collections, and to have been assiduous in picking up a considerable quantity of useful information respecting the means of preserving and cleaning pictures, of restoring their decayed or tarnished colouring, of transferring them to fresh canvas, removing injurious varnish, and substituting more salutary materials. With all this, there is intermixed abundant evidence of his shallow acquisitions and imperfect qualifications in the higher branches of the knowledge, feeling, and criticism of art. He has made it clear that he had no eye for the lofty and grand, by taking a strangely contorted figure which he calls the Paladin Astolfo, for the work of Michael Angelo. This picture, of which he has given an etching, he obtained from the collection of some German nobleman, one of whose ancestors had, at some period or another, been in Italy; and on this circumstance he builds his absurd hypothesis, in the very teeth of internal evidence, and of the fact, that no oil-paintings from that great artist’s hand are now in existence. His conceited, smirking, and yet evidently irritable positiveness on this point, is supremely ridiculous. The attitude of the principal figure betrays the sheer extravagance of Spranger and Goltzius, but does not in the least resemble the always scientific, though frequently overwrought daring of the mighty Florentine; and the description given of the rich colouring, and laborious finish of the execution, is equally at variance with the rapid boldness of his hand. But M. Burtin is a small genius altogether: he ‘babbles of green fields;’ his talk is of *empatement*, *transparence*, *harmonie*, and ‘such small gear,’ and he rails handsomely at

the *beau idéal*,—just as a rustic would turn from the Ilissus and the relievos of the Museum, to stare delightedly on the cheaper brilliancies of Somerset House.

His definitions are prodigiously amusing: they are generally simple and obvious truisms, very incomplete, but delivered with a vast deal of bustle and importance. The art of painting, for instance, in its general import, is nothing more, *selon moi*, than 'the art of applying colours, without relief, on a smooth surface, so that they may imitate any object whatsoever, such as it may be seen, or conceived to be visible in nature.' But this clumsy definition is only preparatory to his grand principle, 'as simple as it is luminous,' and which, notwithstanding its more than Spartan brevity, he gravely assures us, is the adequate 'result of forty years study and observation.' This mighty discovery is contained in four words, *Bon choix, bien rendu*; which, if we rightly understand their import, mean nothing more than that a subject should be well-chosen and well-treated! We afterwards learn from this most admirable of *dilettanti*, that the superiority of an artist is to be determined, not by the excellence of his selection, or the correctness of his design, but by the 'magic truth of his colouring and his *clair obscur*.'

His remarks on the different schools of painting, are, like all the rest of his book, full of egotism and parade, with the usual portion of reference to his own inestimable collection: they contain, however, some valuable points, and may be advantageously perused by all who take an interest in these matters. The concluding chapters of the work are the most important, and are evidently the result of much research. They comprise a dissertation on the signatures employed by artists in marking their works, and on the substances upon which their pictures were usually painted; a very unsatisfactory investigation of the celebrated but absurd *balance*, or rather scale, on which *de Piles* adjusted the different degrees of merit assignable to the great painters of history; a useful statement of the different prices at which the works of the principal masters have at various times been sold; and, as we imagine, a valuable enumeration and investigation of the different methods used in cleaning pictures, with the precautions to be observed in restoring them, or in transferring them to fresh canvas. The volume closes with an examination of the quantities and effects of the several varnishes employed by artists.

Among his various objects of inquiry, M. Burtin has given, after his own fashion, the result of a long investigation into the causes of the decline of art; and as usual, he is short and peremptory in his decision. He refers it wholly to the neglect of the study of colour, the consequence of a too exclusive regard to 'Rome and her antiques.' We believe there may be some just

tice in the reproof, though the solution itself is in the last degree absurd. It is admitted that, on the Continent at least, colouring is in a miserable state of degradation; but it seems to us that, what we should deem the higher qualities of art, are on almost as low a level. The French school, both of painting and of engraving, is nearly as destitute of truth and nature in drawing as in colour. The Belisarius of David, the Belisarius and his dead guide, and the Marcus Sextus, all celebrated works, are sculptures rather than paintings: they have all the hardness and rigidity of marble, and possess as little of the motion and pliability of flesh, as of the richness of colour. Let any one compare the French print (the original we have not seen) of the Duke of Wellington, evidently from a favourite painting, and carefully elaborated by the engraver, with the same subject as treated by our own Lawrence and Bromley. In the first, the attitude meant for the perfection of simplicity and ease, is awkward, insipid, and constrained; the air of the head is singularly heavy and vulgar; the features are harsh and dull; the limbs clumsy and inelastic; the execution is black, hard, tasteless, and unfeeling. The English print is the reverse of all this: the attitude is spirited and graceful, perhaps a little too obtrusively so; the air and expression of the head and countenance singularly fine; the step of the figure firm, light, and springy; and the engraving full of energy, grace, and science. We believe that this may be taken as a fair specimen of the comparative state of the arts in England and in France; nor have we seen any instance whatever that in the smallest degree tends to shake our opinion. In colour, in simplicity, in truth and nature, the English school decidedly excels; and it is rapidly on its way to other excellences in which it is somewhat deficient. A host of distinguished names crowd upon us at this moment, which we should not hesitate to put into the balance against far higher names than any which the present age of continental art can produce. The fine colouring, the high execution, taste and feeling of Lawrence; the rich, yet chaste and natural humour, and brilliant pencil of Wilkie, who stands alone against the whole of his class, past, present, and to come; the inimitable grace, ease, and fertility of Stothard; the transcendent power and versatility of Turner, on whom, as well as on other artists, we hope shortly to bestow a more detailed criticism,—have nothing to approach them in the whole range of modern effort. We would not exchange Chantry for Canova. Respecting Haydon, it has unfortunately happened that we have had but slender opportunities of estimating his powers; the little however, that we have seen, has given us a keen appetite for more. Some chalk sketches which he exhibited at Spring Gardens, a year or two back were of a high order: the fine head of Sharpe, and the harrowing ex-

pression of the dying countenance roused into sudden horror by the audible call of the angel of death, have left an impression on our minds which will not readily pass away. We confess that we have no great veneration for the present race of continental artists; and the specimens of their skill which have been on exhibition in England, cannot we think, have excited any permanent feeling of admiration among those qualified to judge. Monsieur Thierre's Judgement of Brutus, was not, it is true, without merits, but they were of an inferior kind, while the defects were incurable and inexcusable. There was no motion, no life in the characters; the draperies had evidently been adjusted on the lay-figure; the grouping and disposition were precisely those of a dramatic scene from Racine, certainly not from Shakespeare; the attitudes were those of the stage; and, to crown all, in a picture of which force and feeling should have been the marking features, tameness and cold correctness were the depressing characteristics. On the painting by the German Chevalier, exhibited at the same time and place, we shall not waste our criticism. But we must return to M. Burtin.

The second volume contains more absurdities, and less instruction than the first. It is chiefly occupied with the catalogue of M. B.'s pictures; in his description of which he has exhausted the vocabulary of hyperbole, without, as far as we recollect, permitting himself to detect a single fault. Now, though we have not the present means of ascertaining the general correctness of his estimates, yet we strongly suspect their accuracy; and although it may possibly be the case that every one of the pictures here enumerated is an original, yet, such is the effect produced by his weak and indiscriminating admiration, that it would not excite the smallest sensation of surprise in our minds, to learn that they were all copies. He sets out, however, in high spirits at the reception of his first volume, which had been published some time previously; tells us of the amazing admiration which it had excited, quotes the determination expressed by certain 'distinguished' artists, to adopt his 'principles in their professional labours,' and actually attributes to the beneficial effect of his prelections the high price which one of their productions had recently obtained. He then quarrels with his critics, and introduces some salutary cautions against the impositions of picture-dealers,—a class of men against which such of our readers as may be smitten with the unprofitable rage of collecting, will, we hope, be most suspiciously on their guard. Their modes of deception, their intrepid falsehoods, their impudent pretensions to science, it might take a well-sized volume to expose. But these are harmless in comparison with their desperate dealings in cleaning and repairing the paintings submitted to their regenerating processes by the simple and unskilled. We have known

one of these gentry pass a brush filled with some vile blue of his own mixture, over a fine, and but slightly injured ultramarine sky in a valuable picture; and we have heard another coolly boast, that he had completely restored many a fine painting by carefully 'stippling in' the defective parts, and this villainous process was perhaps intended to complete some plan in the rich surfaces, the brilliant lights, the firm and flowing line, or the vigorous sweep of shade, of some giant in Art!

Mr. Burtin is most indignant at the rapacity of certain German sovereigns, who permit their servants to exact money from the strangers whose curiosity may lead them to inspect their collections. He did the thing much more stylishly himself: he took no money, it is true, but we have been given to understand, that his two volumes were very significantly introduced to the notice of his visitors, and that their purchase was the expected return for his civilities.

Art. XI. *Memoirs of the Life and Character of Mrs. Anne Hulton*, youngest Daughter of the Rev. Philip Henry, A.M. By her Brother, Matthew Henry, V.D.M. Now first published. 12mo. pp. 63. Price 1s. 6d. London, 1820.

THE purchasers of the *Memoirs of Mrs. Savage*, published some time since by the same Editor, will, we think, be pleased to possess this Appendix to the biographical memorials of the Henry family. This account of Mrs. Hulton was drawn up by her brother, the Rev. Matthew Henry, for private circulation only. His repugnance to obtrude upon public attention, any further details respecting his own family, than are contained in the *Life of Philip Henry*, is said to have been the reason of his refusing to comply with the request that he would publish it. The general cast of the composition, and the style of character which distinguished the subject of the memoir, both belong to former days. But although there may be little in the phraseology employed, adapted to recommend these *Memoirs* to the taste of modern readers, and nothing extraordinary in the example of this excellent woman, yet, such specimens of obsolete piety, of piety in the best sense Puritanical, but tinged with the peculiarities of the age,—serve a highly useful purpose, by presenting, at many points, to the private Christian, an occasion for humiliating comparison, and by bringing more prominently forward some neglected truths. The present narrative affords the greatest encouragement to parents, in the discharge of the duty of family instruction. Upon this subject, the Editor uses, in the Preface, language very strong and, that some may think, too unqualified; but it cannot be denied there is ample ground for his pointed remarks on the worldly conduct of some Christian parents in respect to their children.

We extract a few sentences from the account of her last sickness :

‘ All that week she continued worse (notwithstanding all means used) but kept in a very patient, submissive, heavenly frame. When asked how she did ; she answered, “ Better than I deserve.” Often said, “ I know whom I have trusted.” She desired to have the beginning of Isaiah xliii. read and opened to her,—that Scripture which Mr. Bilney the martyr supported himself with, — *When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee.* She desired pardon for her omissions in the duty of her relations. The following sentences she uttered :—

‘ “ I am not weary of living, but I am weary of sinning ; I would live as Christ lives, and where Christ lives, and that I am sure will be heaven.”

‘ “ There are many passages in the Psalms not so proper for us but at such a time as this ; as that, *My flesh and my heart fail, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.*”

‘ “ Let none think the worse of Religion nor of our family-worship, for the afflictions that are in our families, nor have a hard thought of God, for however it be, yet *God is good.*”

‘ When her pain and extremity were great, she said, “ I know the great God can do me no wrong : who would desire to go so many steps back which must some time or other be gone over again, when now I have but one stile more and I shall be at home.”

‘ “ I have hope in my death, for Christ hath said, *Because I live, ye shall live also.*”

‘ “ I have distrusted God and am ashamed of it, for God is truth.”

‘ “ Now for a promise.”

‘ “ I hope this is no surprise.”

‘ “ You are miserable comforters, but Jesus Christ is my abiding portion.”

‘ “ I shall now be gathered to my people, and I have loved those that are godly, both poor and rich ”

‘ “ Blessed be God for the Scriptures now.”

‘ Towards Saturday night she grew delirious ; yet even then it was evident her heart was upon nothing so much as God, and the things of her soul ; speaking often with a smiling, cheerful countenance of psalms of praise, and hymns of joy.

‘ While she was under this disturbance she often recollected herself with this word,—“ Here is nothing but *Tahu* and *Bohu*, (referring to Genesis i. 2.) confusion and emptiness, but it will not be so long.” ’ pp. 60—62.

Art. XII. *Prudence and Piety recommended to Young Persons, at their Entrance upon the Active Duties of Life.* By John Pye Smith, D.D. 12mo. pp. 40. Price 1s. London, 1820.

THIS 'plain discourse' is founded on 1 Sam. xviii. 14. The Preacher in a very pleasing style, delineates the youthful character of David 'in his best and happiest days, while his heart retained its simplicity, while he was yet uncorrupted by prosperity and greatness, while self-indulgence was far from him, and worldly policy had not impaired his first integrity.' And as he proceeds, he shews how the amiable example he has drawn, affords instruction, and incitement, and encouragement to those young persons in the present day, who are beginning to bear a part in the public duties of society. He directs their attention, in the first place, to the *diligent, contented, and cheerful manner* in which the son of Jesse devoted himself to *his proper business*; then adverts to his filial piety; to his 'wise behaviour' with respect to the duties of friendship; and, in the following paragraph, to his exemplary patriotism and loyalty.

'In these his early days, David was a dutiful subject and a true patriot. As the instrument of God, he wrought out great deliverance for his country, and most essentially contributed to the establishment of its liberty and independence. He clearly perceived, however, that his services and his popularity placed him on the point of extreme danger. He saw the jealous eyes of his sovereign maddening with hatred, ill concealed under the necessary professions of esteem and gratitude. He knew that the infatuated king was becoming every day more oppressive and tyrannical; violating the code of national law which divine authority had given, and which it was the highest honour of the kings of Israel faithfully to administer; and rapidly alienating the affections of his subjects, who saw, by plain indications, that he was ripening for destruction. And, more than all this, David was aware of his own high destiny. He knew that he was ordained by heaven to wear the crown of his unworthy rival, his secret enemy, and intentional assassin.—Was ever temptation more strong? Was ever opportunity more inviting?—David might have thought that the policy of self-defence coincided with the dictates of justice and patriotism: and, surely, according to all appearances, he had only to erect his standard and blow his trumpet, and the desirable revolution would have been at once effected. But mark the integrity of his noble mind. He would not take advantage of his adversary. He would not break through **PRESENT DUTY**, to take up the crown which seemed to beg his acceptance. In despite of these unparalleled temptations, he persevered, unshaken in his respect, deference, and obedience to his king; and that with a sincerity and consistency which the most trying circumstances did not impair. He caught not at the opportunities of paving his way. He took no measures to make a party for himself, or to render his unjust sovereign still more odious to others. He preferred danger, proscription, and exile, to the use of any unwarrantable means for accelerating his own advance-

ment. His obedience was submissive without being mean, and dignified without being haughty. His loyalty was spotless, but it was never servile. His patriotism was pure, but it was never factious.'

pp. 19, 20.

Dr. Smith has laid the public under many important obligations to him, in the character of an acute and accomplished Biblical critic and theologian. On the present occasion, he appears before us to the greatest advantage as the affectionate and indefatigable Christian pastor. We cordially recommend this interesting little tract as adapted to more than ordinary usefulness.

Art. XIII. *The Annual Biography and Obituary*, for the year 1820. Vol. IV. 8vo. pp. 468. London, 1820.

THIS work appears to be kept up with considerable spirit. The present volume contains Memoirs of the following distinguished persons: Admiral Calder; Alderman Combe; Sir Richard Musgrave; John Palmer, Esq.; P. Brydone, Esq.; George Wilson Meadley, Esq.; Mrs. Billington; Colonel Tatham; Sir Philip Francis; Major Scott Waring; D. Wolcot; Antiquary Jennings; Professor Playfair; James Watt, Esq.; Sir Henry Tempest, Bart.; Aaron Graham, Esq. For all that is curious, interesting, or original in the present volume, the Editor professes himself to be indebted to the assistance and communications of others.

The most interesting memoir is that of Sir Philip Francis, the materials for which have been derived, in a great measure, from personal communication. No person, we think, while tracing the life of this extraordinary man, can resist the impression, that he alone above all his contemporaries could be the Junius. His political life may be said to have commenced when he was only sixteen years of age, at which early period, he was nominated by Lord Holland to a place in the secretary of state's office. When scarcely eighteen, he was appointed private secretary to General Bligh in the expedition against Cherbourg in 1758. Two years after, he accompanied the Earl of Kinnoul to Lisbon, as secretary to the embassy. 'It is not improbable,' remarks the Writer of the biographical sketch, 'that his hatred of tyranny in every shape and form, was heightened, if not created, during the period he spent in this mission.' On his return to England, he obtained from Lord Mendip, then secretary at war, an appointment of considerable importance in his own office.

'This place, which required constant attendance, enabled him, at the same time, to have free and constant intercourse both with public men and public measures, during the space of eight or nine years.'

It was towards the close of this period, when he was about thirty years of age, that he commenced his mysterious communications in the *Public Advertiser*. In March, 1772, in consequence of the treatment of Lord Barrington, who had succeeded to the post of secretary at war, Mr. Francis resigned his employment, an event thus notified in the *Morning Advertiser*: 'The worthy Lord Barrington, not contented with having driven Mr. D'Oyley out of the War-Office, has, at last, contrived to expel Mr. Francis.' He spent the remainder of this year abroad, during which term, all intercourse with the public on the part of Junius, was of course suspended. In June 1773, he was nominated one of the members of the council of Calcutta. He returned from India in 1781. In 1784, he was brought into Parliament, as representative of the borough of Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight, and soon distinguished himself by taking an active part in the debates. Soon after his appearing in the house, he is supposed to have given offence to Mr. Pitt by emphatically exclaiming, after he had pronounced an animated eulogy on the late Lord Chatham, "But he is dead, and has left nothing in this world that resembles him!" An exclamation more characteristic of the Author of Junius, it is as impossible to conceive of, as it would be to find another man to whom, had we not known from whose lips it proceeded, it could have been appropriately referred. The celebrated society called, 'the Friends of the People,' is said to have had Mr. Francis for its founder; and when the proceedings of the friends of Parliamentary Reform were attacked by Mr. Burke, Mr. Francis indignantly rebutted the calumnious representations of that illustrious but inconsistent individual in the following admirable letter, which, at the present moment, particularly deserves republication.

' Copy of a Letter from Philip Francis, Esq.

St. James's Square, Feb. 20, 1797.

' In the 71st page of a printed letter from Mr. Burke to the Duke of Portland, without a date, I find the following assertions:

' "Some of these gentlemen, who have attacked the House of Commons, lean to a representation of the people by the head; that is, to *individual* representation. None of them, that I recollect, except Mr. Fox, directly rejected it. It is remarkable, however, that he only rejected it by simply declaring an opinion, he let all the arguments go against his opinion. All the proceedings and arguments of his reforming friends lead to individual representation, and to nothing else. It deserves to be attentively observed, that this individual representation is the *only* plan of their reform which has been explicitly proposed.'

' And in page 81, I am named as one of a phalanx, to whom not only these views, proceedings, arguments, and plans of parliamentary reform are imputed, but who had thought proper to treat *him* as a

deserter, as if he had sworn to live and die in *our* French principles. I believe I shall sufficiently clear myself from these imputations by declaring as I do:—

‘ 1st, That having been a member of the society of the Friends of the People, and having had a share in the conduct of their proceedings, I know not of any act, order, resolution, proposition, motion, or proceeding of any kind, in that society, in favour of individual or universal representation.

‘ 2d, That I am morally certain, that, if any motion to that effect had been proposed, it would have been rejected by a very great majority of the whole society.

‘ 3d, That, if it had been possible for such a motion to prevail, I would have quitted the society, and opposed their proceedings.

‘ 4th, That in fact a very different principle of reform, and incompatible with that imputed to us, viz. by extending the right of voting to all householders paying parochial taxes, and stopping there, was unanimously adopted by the society on the 9th of April, 1794.

‘ 5th, That on the 30th May, 1795, the society unanimously approved of a plan formed by me on this principle, and recommended it to the consideration of the public; and that this plan was published in all the newspapers.

‘ 6th, That I have, on all occasions, resisted and reprobated to the utmost of my power the idea of individual or universal representation, particularly at a meeting of the society on the 8th of March, 1794, at which I expressly treated it as a *dangerous chimera, set up on purpose to delude the lower classes of the people.*

‘ In the House of Commons, on the 23d of January, 1795, the following words make part of my answer to the Attorney-General:—

‘ “With respect to universal representation, and all the dangers and all the reproaches attached to it, I must say, that I think the learned gentleman ought to be careful to distinguish those who profess to have such a scheme in contemplation, and others who reject it with a disapprobation as full and entire, though not perhaps with such extravagant horror as he does. He ought to have known that the idea of universal representation was never encouraged or countenanced by any act or declaration whatever of our association. If he knows any thing to the contrary, I call upon him now—I challenge him to point it out. Of *me* in particular, he must have known, and, in candour, he ought to have acknowledged, that it is not possible for any man to go further than I have done, to reject, to resist, and to explode every project of that nature, and every principle and argument set up to support it; a project, however, so chimerical, and so utterly impracticable, that it is superfluous to load it with charges of danger and malignity. But, let the doctrine I allude to be ever so mischievous, is it in fact, is it in truth, the real object of all the apprehensions and terrors which are said to be excited by it? —‘I do not believe it; I do not believe that the enemies of reform are so much terrified by it as they pretend to be. They know, as well as I do, that it is nothing but a vision which can never be realised. No, Sir; whatever they may pretend, this is not the true ground of their uneasiness. It is the reasonable, the moderate, the

practicable plan which really fills them with terror and anxiety. That, perhaps, might be accomplished; the other never can, nor, if it were even to obtain for a moment, could it possibly subsist; and I am convinced, that, if it were possible to drive those persons to an option, they would prefer the worst to the best; because they would foresee that the mischiefs inevitable in the execution of such a scheme, or even in the attempt, would determine every reasonable man in the country to revert and submit to the present system; that is, to suffer the constitution to languish and dissolve in its corruption, or gradually to perish by decay, rather than to encounter the direct and positive dangers of a change so violent and extreme, to which their minds would naturally unite the certainty of instant destruction.'

" 'In my speech on the slave trade, on the 11th of April, 1796, there is the following passage:—

" 'In the lowest situations of life the people know as well as we do that wherever personal industry is encouraged, and property protected, there must be inequality of possession and consequently distinction of ranks. Then come the form and the order, by which the substance is at once defined and preserved. Distribution and limitation prevent confusion, and government by orders is the natural result of property protected by freedom. Take care that you adhere to it. Where the few possess all, and the multitude have nothing, there is no government by orders. Every thing is in extremity, and nothing in gradation.

'Whether these are French principles or not, I neither know nor care. I assert that they are mine.

" PHILIP FRANCIS."

On the accession of Mr. Fox to power, 'some thoughts,' we are told, 'were entertained of sending Mr. Francis to India as 'Governor General;' but the appointment being opposed, he was, 'at the recommendation of Lord Grenville,' rewarded with the empty honour of the *insignia* of the Bath. His latter days were embittered by the effects of a very painful disease, which produced an almost constant state of involuntary irritation, and aggravated all the native impetuosity of his character. He expired on the 22d of December 1818, at the advanced age of seventy-eight.

In the last visit with which the Writer of the article was 'honoured' from Sir Philip Francis, Junius was adverted to. Sir Philip

'ridiculed the idea of his being the author;—he had already written on that subject until he was tired,—would write no more letters, answer no more questions relative to it. "If mankind are so obstinate as not to believe what I have already said, I am not fool enough to humble myself any more with denials—I have done."'

Why Sir Philip Francis did not choose to be pointed at as the author of Junius, it is easy to conceive. Having taken

the determination that his scent should die with him, he was not the man to submit to have it wrested from him. Yet he could not but be conscious that he was adopting an evasive and indirect language, ill adapted to remove the suspicion which he affected to ridicule. Nor could he possibly have imagined that such a mass of affirmative evidence was to be set aside by even a direct negative, unsupported by the least shadow of proof.

Art. XIV. *Gay's Chair*. Poems, never before printed, written by John Gay, Author of the *Beggar's Opera*, *Fables*, &c. with a Sketch of his Life, from the MSS. of the Rev. Joseph Baller, his Nephew. Edited by Henry Lee, Author of *Poetic Impressions*, *Caleb Quotem*, &c. To which are added, *Two New Tales*, *The World*, and *Gossip*. By the Editor. 12mo. pp. 148. Price 5s. 6d. London, 1820.

THERE is already too much trash under the head of *Tales*, among the poems of John Gay, to render it at all desirable that his reputation should be burthened with any fresh discoveries of the kind announced in Mr. Lee's alluring title-page. It was not likely, that any unpublished poems of the Author of the *Beggar's Opera*, should prove to possess the least moral value; and if they had been distinguished by their literary merit, we should doubtless have heard of them. The fact bears out the supposition. The only poem which has the slightest pretensions to wit or humour in the present volume, is, a 'Petition from the Maids of Exon City,' which, as it is not quite coarse enough, nor quite terse and pointed enough for Swift, may very possibly have been written by Gay. We are given to understand, however, that this poem has received from Mr. Henry Lee, some 'alterations' in order 'to render it more conciliatory to the refined taste of the present day.' If the poem was of any value, this circumstance would, of course, at once destroy its claims to be received as the genuine production of the Author: the liberty taken with the Manuscript, receives its justification only in the gross vulgarity which, we presume, was found to disfigure the original. Such as it is, it occupies sixteen pages only of the volume, while above seventy are occupied with Mr. Lee's original poems. We know of no better purpose these will serve, than to shew that the poem attributed to Gay, was not written by his Editor. We have no reason, indeed, to doubt that Mr. Lee did meet with the old chair, and the concealed drawer, and the manuscripts, in the manner he states that he did. And that the Chair was Gay's, we would not be so cruel as to raise a suspicion. We are of opinion, however, that if Mr. Lee had adopted the resolution to make a shew of the chair, and the money box, and the other relics, with a more particular notice of which at some future time he threatens us, instead of

making a five and sixpenny volume out of such scanty and worthless materials, he might have raised an equal sum by means of honest sixpences, and it would at all events have been a more direct and legitimate expedient than the present egregious catchpenny.

ART. XV. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

In the press, and in the month of next May will be published, *Travels in Sicily, Greece, and Albania*; very handsomely printed in two volumes 4to. illustrated with numerous fine engravings, price 5l. 5s. in boards. By the Rev. T. S. Hughes, Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

The first of these volumes will contain a classical tour in some of the most interesting parts of Greece, with a more particular and detailed account than has yet appeared, of the great cities of Agrigentum, Syracuse, Delphi, and Nicopolis; the isle of Zante, and the plain of Argos. The second will be confined chiefly to Albania, a country which the author visited under circumstances peculiarly favourable to investigation:—this part of the work will contain a very detailed history of the private and public life of the great Albanian chieftain, Ali Pasha, with his wars, character, and policy, interspersed with a variety of characteristic anecdotes; the whole drawn from the most authentic documents that can be procured upon these subjects. Each volume will be adorned with engravings of maps, scenery, plans, &c. for the most beautiful of which the author is indebted to his friend and fellow-traveller, Mr. R. C. Cockerell. To interrupt the narrative as little as possible, the great mass of classical, topographical, and critical remarks, will be subjoined in notes to the pages of each volume.—An appendix will be given, containing two dissertations upon the sites of Dodona and Delphi, from the pen of that eminent scholar, Dr. Butler, head master of Shrewsbury School.

A very interesting work will appear next month, entitled 'The History of the Rebellion in 1745 and 1746,' containing the causes of the Pretender's defeat at Culloden, and a variety of interesting anecdotes hitherto unknown, by Chevalier Johnstone, aide-de-camp

to Prince Edward Charles Stewart, and Lord George Murray, with an account of his subsequent adventures in Scotland, England, Holland, France, Russia, and America. The manuscript of Chevalier Johnstone, was originally deposited in the Scot's college, at Paris.

In the course of next month will be published, *Winter Nights*, by Nathan Drake, M. D. author of *Literary Hours*, &c. &c. 2 vols.

In the press, to be published in Parts, 'Royal Virtue?' a Tour to Kensington, Windsor, and Claremont; or, a Contemplation of the Character and Virtues of George III, the Duke of Kent, and the Princess Charlotte, in the scenes where they were principally displayed.

Dr. Charles Hastings, physician to the Worcester Infirmary, has in the press, in one volume, 8vo. a Treatise on Inflammation of the mucous membrane of the Lungs; to which is prefixed, an Experimental Inquiry into the general nature of Inflammation, and the contractile power of the Blood Vessels.

The Rev. R. Meek, of South Molton, Devon, is preparing for publication, a volume of Anecdotes, illustrative of the importance of Tract Societies. Mr. M. will feel obliged by the early communication of any striking and well authenticated anecdotes on this subject.—All such communications to be post paid.

Early in April will be published, an Italian and English Grammar, from Vergani's Italian and French Grammar, in 20 lessons, with exercises, dialogues, and entertaining historical anecdotes. A new edition, corrected and improved, by M. Piranesi, member of the academy at Rome, arranged in English and Italian, with notes, remarks, and additions, calculated to facilitate the study of the Italian language. By Guicheney. And at the same time will be published, A Key adapted to the

French and Italian, as well as the English and Italian.

In the course of the month of April will be published, *Le Gesta d'Enrico IV.* in Italian verse, by Mr. Guazzaroni, author of the *Italian Grammar*, &c. price 7s.

Rev. W. Moorhouse, West Melton, near Rotherham, is transcribing for the press, 'Thoughts on the essential requisites for Church Communion;' in which will be considered the sentiments of the Rev. S. Greatheed, F.R.S. with an appendix of Miscellaneous Essays, chiefly theological.

In the press, Discourses delivered at the Ordination of the Rev. John A. Coombs, over the congregational Church of Christ, assembling in Chapel-street, Salford, January 26, 1820, viz. Introductory Discourse, by the Rev. Joseph Fletcher, A.M. Charge, by the Rev. Robert Winter, D.D.; and Sermon to the People, by the Rev. Thomas Raffles, A.M.

Mr. Bradley, of High Wycomb, has in the press, a second volume of Sermons, and a fourth edition of his first volume.

T. Williams is preparing for the press, a Memoir of his late Majesty and the Duke of Kent, as a companion to those he published of the late Queen and Princess Charlotte. This work will not be a mere collection of Anecdotes, but comprises a Review of the late Reign, political and moral, with a particular reference to the progress of knowledge, religion, and civil and religious liberty.

In a few days will be published, a Refutation of the Objections to the new Translation of the Bible. By J. Bellamy, author of the *Anti-deist*, &c.

In the press, *Lacon, or Many Things in few Words.* By the Rev. C. Cotton, late fellow of King's college, Cambridge.

Mr. James Grey Jackson, late British consul at Santa Cruz, South Barbary, and resident merchant upwards of 16 years in various parts of the empire of Morocco, professor of Arabic, and author of an *Account of the Empire of Morocco*, and the Districts of Suse, Tafielt, Timbuctoo, &c. has in the press, an *Account of Timbuctoo and Housa*, territories in the interior of Africa, by El Hage Abd Salam Shabeenie, a native of Morocco, who personally visited and resided as a merchant in those interesting countries, with notes, critical and explanatory. To which will be

added, Letters descriptive of several journeys through West and South Barbary, and across the mountains of Atlas; personally performed by Mr. Jackson, between the years 1790 and 1805. Also, his translations of several interesting Letters in the original Arabic, from Muhamedan Potentates to Christian Kings, exemplifying the peculiar phraseology of that Oriental language; African anecdotes, fragments, &c.

Mr. C. P. Whitaker, formerly of the University of Gottingen, and author of the *Modern French Grammar*, is preparing an improved edition of *Hamonier's French and English Dictionary*, which will be comprised in a portable volume, and printed on a bold and beautiful type.

On the 1st of May will be published, the first number of a new *Quarterly Journal and Review*, to be entitled 'The Investigator.' The object of this work is to connect sound learning and the various branches of polite literature, with an undeviating attention to the principles of pure and undefiled religion, and to the best interests of society, without distinction of sect or party.

Early in April will be published, *The Poetical Decameron; or Conversations on English Poets and Poetry*, particularly of the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. By J. Payne Collier, of the Middle Temple, 2 vols. post 8vo.

Mr. James Strachan, of Aberdeen, has in the press, a *Visit to the Province of Upper Canada*, in 1819, which will contain every kind of information that an emigrant can desire to obtain.

Mr. Grant is preparing a third volume of his *History of the English Church*, which will bring down the narrative to the year 1800.

Dr. Porson's *Euripides*, complete, with an index, is printing in an 8vo. volume.

Mr. James Wilson has in the press, a *Journal of two successive Tours in 1816, 17, 18*, containing an account of the South of France, the great road over the Alps, and the most interesting parts of Italy.

In the press, a new edition of *Bishop Lavington's Enthusiasm of Methodists and Papists considered*, with notes, and introduction, by the Rev. R. Polwhele, in one vol. 8vo.

The following works are announced as nearly ready for publication:

The Personal History of King George the Third, undertaken with the assist-

ance of persons officially connected with the late King; and dedicated, by permission, to his present Majesty. By Edward Hawke Locker, Esq. F.R.S.—Handsomely printed, with portraits, fac-similes, &c. in 4to.

The Fall of Jerusalem, a dramatic poem. By H. H. Milman, M.A. author of *Pazio*, 8vo.

The Comedies of Aristophanes, translated from the Greek, with numerous illustrative notes. By Thomas Mitchell, A.M. late fellow of Sidney-Sussex College, Cambridge. Vol. 1, 8vo.

The Principles of Political Economy considered, with a view to their practical application. By T. R. Malthus, A.M. 8vo.

Travels through Holland, Germany, and part of France, in 1819, with references to their statistics, agriculture, and manufactures. By W. Jacob, Esq. F.R.S. 4to.

Journals of Two Expeditions behind the Blue Mountains, and into the interior of New South Wales, undertaken by order of the British Government in the years 1817-18. By John Oxley, Esq. surveyor-general of the territory, and lieutenant of the royal navy. With maps and views of the interior, or newly discovered country. 4to.

Anastasius, or *Mémoires of a Greek*, written at the close of the 18th century. The second edition, 3 vols. crown 8vo.

On the Administration of Criminal Justice in England, and on the Spirit of the British Constitution. By M. Cottu, one of the judges of the royal courts of Paris. 8vo.

The Plays and Poems of James Shirley, now first collected and chronologically arranged, and the text carefully collated and restored. With occasional notes, and a biographical and critical essay. By William Gifford, Esq. Uniformly with Massinger and Ben Jonson, in 6 vols. 8vo. One hundred copies are printing in royal 8vo.

The Topography of Athens, with some remarks on its antiquities. By Lieut. Col. Leake. 8vo.

A new Series of Plates, to illustrate Lord Byron's works. Engraved by Charles Heath, from drawings by R. Westall, R.A.—in 4to, 8vo, and fcap. 8vo.

Travels in 1816 and 1817, through Nubia, Palestine, and Syria, in a series of familiar letters to his relations, writ-

ten on the spot, by Capt. Mangles, R.N. 2 vols. 8vo.

A Journal of a Tour in Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land; with excursions to the River Jordan, and along the banks of the Red Sea to Mount Sinai. By William Turner, Esq. foreign office, 3 vols. 8vo.

The Century of Inventions of the Marquis of Worcester, from the original MSS. with historical and explanatory notes, a biographical memoir, and original portrait. 8vo.

A History of the Modes of Relief, usually termed the Superstitions of the Middle Ages. With curious plates. 4to.

The Royal Military Calendar, Army Service Book, and Military History of the last Century. Containing the services of all the general and field officers of the army; narratives of all the battles and sieges of the last century; biographies of deceased and retired officers, &c. &c. By Sir John Philippart, librarian to H. R. H. the Duke of Kent. Third edition, 5 vols. 8vo. price 2l. 8s.

A System of Mechanical Philosophy, by the late John Robison, LL.D., professor of natural philosophy in the University, and secretary to the Royal Society of Edinburgh. With notes and illustrations, comprising the most recent discoveries in the physical sciences. By David Brewster, LL.D. F.R.S.E. In 4 vols. 8vo. with numerous plates.

Trivial Poems and Triolets. Written in obedience to Mrs. Tomkin's commands. By Patrick Carey, 20th Aug. 1691. Edited, with a preface, by Walter Scott, Esq. 4to. A very few copies are printed.

A History of the several Italian Schools of Painting, with observations on the present state of the art. By J. T. James, M.A. author of *Travels in Germany*. 8vo.

The History of Parga, containing an account of the vicissitudes of that part of Greece during the French Revolution; supported by authentic documents.—Translated from the Italian MS. of Hugo Foscolo. 8vo.

The Life of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan. By Thomas Moore, Esq. With a portrait. 4to.

The Works of the Right Honourable R. B. Sheridan, now first collected and edited by Thomas Moore, Esq. 3 vol. 8vo.

A Narrative of the late Political and Military Events in British India, under the Administration of the Marquis of Hastings. By Henry T. Princep, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's Civil Service, Bengal. With maps, plans, and views, 4to.

The History of the late War in Spain. By Robert Southey, Esq. 3 vols. 4to.

A Geographical, Statistical, and Historical Description of Hindostan, and the adjacent Country, composed from the most authentic printed documents, and from the manuscript records deposited

at the Board of Control; consisting of the official reports, and public correspondence of nearly all the most eminent civil servants at the three presidencies, and also of many of the most distinguished military and medical officers. By Walter Hamilton, Esq. With maps. 2 vols. 4to.

An Account of the Abipones, an equestrian people in the interior of South America. Translated from the original latin of Martin Dobrizhoffer, one of the Ex-Jesuits, twenty-two years a mission in Paraguay. 2 vols. 8vo.

ART. XVI. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

AGRICULTURE.

An Essay on the Uses of Salt for Agricultural purposes: with instructions for its employment as a manure, and on the feeding of Cattle. By Cuthbert William Johnson.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of Fenelon. With other Biographical and Historical Tracts. By Charles Butler, Esq. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Sacred Biography. By J. W. Morris. (18 etchings) 2 vols. 8vo. 20s.

A Narrative of the Life of Miss Sophia Leece. By the Rev. Hugh Stowell, Rector of Ballough, Isle of Man. 1s. 3d.

Memoirs of John, Duke of Marlborough; with his original correspondence, collected from the family records at Blenheim, and other authentic sources. By William Coxe, M.A. F.R.S. F.S.A. Archdeacon of Wilts, and Rector of Bemerton. In 6 vols. 8vo. with a 4to. atlas of plates, 5l. 3s.

Lives of British Statesmen. By John Maediarmid, Esq. author of an "Inquiry into the Principles of Subordination." The second edition, with portraits. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s.—A continuation of this work is in preparation.

The Bruce and Wallace: published from two manuscripts preserved in the library of the Faculty of Advocates; with notes, biographical sketches, and a glossary. 2 vols. 4to. 6l. 6s.

Anecdotes of H. M. Geo. III. 3d.

Memorials of Royal Worth: containing a complete collection of Anecdotes of Geo. III. from authentic sources. To which is added, a variety of poetical effusions produced by the lamented event. By Ingram Cobbin. With a portrait of his late Majesty, and vignettes. 18mo.

The Adventures of Thomas Eustace, of Chinnor, in Oxfordshire, who fled from his apprenticeship at Amersham, and was shipwrecked off the coast of America, when he hung by his hands to the side of the ship for eighteen hours, in consequence of which, he lost his limbs, but was at length restored, and became master of Amersham Workhouse, 1818. By a Clergyman. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. and 5s.

EDUCATION.

A System of British Geography, for the Use of Schools. Being a concise and comprehensive view, of the boundaries, extent, population, cities, towns, cathedrals, monastic remains, eminent natives, &c. of the various counties of Great Britain and Ireland. To which are added, three hundred questions on the several parts of the work, for the exercise of pupils. By H. J. Blease, Private Teacher. 18mo. 5s. bound.

Excerpta e Poetis Græcis, in Usum Studiosæ Juventutis; cum notis philologicis. Pars Prima. Edidit M. Hodge, A.M. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

An Introduction to the Study of Chronology and Universal History; in question and answer. By W. Jillard Hort, author of the "New Pantheon." A new edition, 18mo. 4s. bound.

A Father's Second Present to his Family. By the Author of a "Father's Gift." 18mo.

Elements of Latin Prosody; containing a complete system of rules of quantity in English, &c. By R. I. Bryce, A.M. 12mo. 1s.

Cæsar's Commentaries, from Oberlin's text, with all the Delphin notes, but without the interpretatio. Many plates. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

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The Architectural Antiquities of Normandy, in a series of one hundred etchings. By John Sell Cotman. With historical and descriptive notices. To be completed in four parts. Part I. 3l. 3s. Proofs, 5l. 5s.

HISTORY.

The History of the Anglo-Saxons, from their first appearance in Europe to the end of their dynasty in England; comprising the History of England from the earliest period to the Norman Conquest. By Sharon Turner, F.S.A. The third edition, corrected and improved, 3 vols. 8vo. 2l. 12s. 6d.

The First Volume of a new and impartial History of Ireland, from the earliest accounts to the present time. By M. M'Dermot. 8vo. 12s.

The Edinburgh Annual Register for 1816: being the Ninth Volume. 8vo. 1l. 1s.

The History and Antiquities of Eynesbury, and St. Neot's in Huntingdonshire, and of St. Neot's in the county of Cornwall: with some critical remarks respecting the two Saxon Saints, from whom these places derived their names. (With 50 engravings.) By G. C. Gorham, M.A., Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge. 8vo. Common, 18s. Fine, 1l. 1s.

A Key to the Chronology of the Hindus; in a series of Letters, in which an attempt is made to facilitate the progress of Christianity in Hindostan, by proving that the protracted numbers of all Oriental nations, when reduced, agree with the dates given in the Hebrew text of the Bible. In 2 vols. 8vo. 18s. boards.

MATHEMATICS.

The Elements of Plane Geometry; containing the first six books of Euclid, from the Text of Dr. Simson, Emeritus Professor of Mathematics in the University of Glasgow, with notes, critical and explanatory. To which are added, Book VII. including several important propositions which are not in Euclid; and Book VIII. consisting of practical Geometry; also Book IX. of Planes, and their intersections; and Book X. of the Geometry of Solids. By Thomas Keith. The second edition. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

An Introduction to Solid Geometry, and to the study of Crystallography: containing an investigation of some of the properties belonging to the Platonic bodies, independent of the sphere. By

N. J. Barker, M.G.S. Teacher of Crystallography and Mathematics. Illustrated by four plates, from original drawings by the author. 8vo. 12s.

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Practical Observations on the means of preserving the health of Soldiers, in camp and in quarters; with Notes on the medical treatment of several of the most important diseases which were found to prevail in the British army during the late war. By Edward Thornhill Luscombe, M.D. Member of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, Honorary Member of the Medical Society of the University of Dublin, and formerly senior Surgeon of the 34th regiment of foot. 8vo. 6s.

A History of the Epidemic Fever, which prevailed in Bristol, during the years 1817, 1818, and 1819; founded on Reports of St. Peter's Hospital, and the Bristol Infirmary. By James C. Prichard, M.D. Physician to St. Peter's Hospital, and the Bristol Infirmary. 8vo. 5s. boards.

MINERALOGY.

Instructions for the Management of the Blow-pipe, Chemical Tests, &c. &c. intended to accompany familiar lessons on Mineralogy, arranged to assist the learner. With a plate of apparatus, &c. By J. Mawe, author of a "New Descriptive Catalogue of Minerals," &c. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Glory of Regality: an historical treatise of the anointing and crowning of the kings and queens of England. By Arthur Taylor, F.S.A. 8vo. 15s. boards. —A few copies are on large paper, price 1l. 10s.

Lessons of Thrift, published for general benefit. By a Member of the Save-all Club. With highly humorous coloured plates, from designs by Cruikshank. Royal 8vo. 1l. 1s.

Proceedings in the House of Commons, and in the Court of King's Bench, relative to the Author of the "Trifling Mistake," together with the argument against parliamentary commitment, and the decision which the judges gave without hearing the case. Edited by J. C. Hobhouse, Esq. F.R.S. 8vo. 4s.

PHILOLOGY.

The Nature and Genius of the German Language displayed in a more extended

Review of its Grammatical Forms than is to be found in any grammar extant; and elucidated by quotations from the best authors. By D. Boileau. 8vo. 12s.

POETRY.

Miscellaneous Poems: (containing the Bridal of Triermain, Harold the Dauntless, &c.) By Walter Scott, Esq. 8vo. 14s.

The Works of the Right Hon. Lord Byron, containing Beppo and Mazeppa. Vol. VIII. fcap 8vo. 7s.

The Poetical Works of the Rev. Geo. Crabbe. Consisting of Poems, The Borough, Tales, and Tales of the Hall. 5 vols. 8vo. 2l. 18s. 6d.; on fine paper, 5 vols. royal 8vo. 4l. 12s.; 7 vols. small 8vo. 2l. 2s.

British Bards; or Choice Selections from the Works of the principal Poets of England, from Spencer to Cowper. With short biographical sketches. Foolscap 8vo. 7s. 6d.

A Geological Primer, in Verse. With a Poetical Geognosy, or feasting, fighting, and sundry right pleasant poems. To which is added, a Critical Dissertation on King Coal's Levee, addressed to the Professors and Students at the University of Oxford. 4s.

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Hedin; or the Spectre of the Tomb: a Tale. By the Hon. W. Herbert. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

TRAVELS AND TOPOGRAPHY.

An Account of the Arctic Regions, with a history and description of the Northern Whale Fishery. By William Scoresby, jun. F.R.S. With 24 engravings. 2 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s.

The Diary of an Invalid in pursuit of Health; being the journal of a tour in Portugal, Italy, Switzerland, and France, in the years 1817, 1818, 1819. By Henry Matthews, A.M. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. 8vo. 15s.

Travels on the Continent: for the use of travellers. In a handsome and closely printed volume, 8vo. 1l. 5s.

The Emigrant's Guide to Upper Canada; or sketches of the present state of that province, collected from a residence therein during the years 1817, 1818, 1819. Interspersed with reflections. By C. Stuart, Esq. retired Captain of the Hon. the East India Company's service, and one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace, for the Western District of Upper Canada. 12mo. 8s.

THEOLOGY.

Sermons on various subjects and occasions. By George Stanley Faber, B.D. Rector of Long Newton. Vol. II. 8vo. 12s. boards.

The Truth, Nature, and Universality of the Gospel; a Sermon preached at Stirling, June 29th, 1819. By Ralph Wardlaw, D.D. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

Lamentations for the Dead: a Sermon on the death of His Majesty Geo. III. and of H. R. H. Edward, the Duke of Kent. By Andrew Reid. 1s. 6d.

A Sermon on the same occasion. By I. Davies. 1s.

A Sermon on the same occasion. By T. Pinchbeck. 1s.

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A Sermon on the same occasion. By Richard Newman, Faversham. 2s.

A Sermon on the same occasion. By Thomas Craig, Bocking. 1s.

Remarks on Walker's Primitive Christianity. By Geo. Payne. 12mo. 1s. 3d.

Modern Infidelity Portrayed: a Sermon preached at Artillery-street. By T. S. Brittan. 1s. 6d.

The Best Provision for the Poor: a Sermon preached at the opening of St. Matthew's Chapel, Manchester. By the Rev. R. Bradley. 8d.

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